THE YOUNG ALLIES FEATURED IN

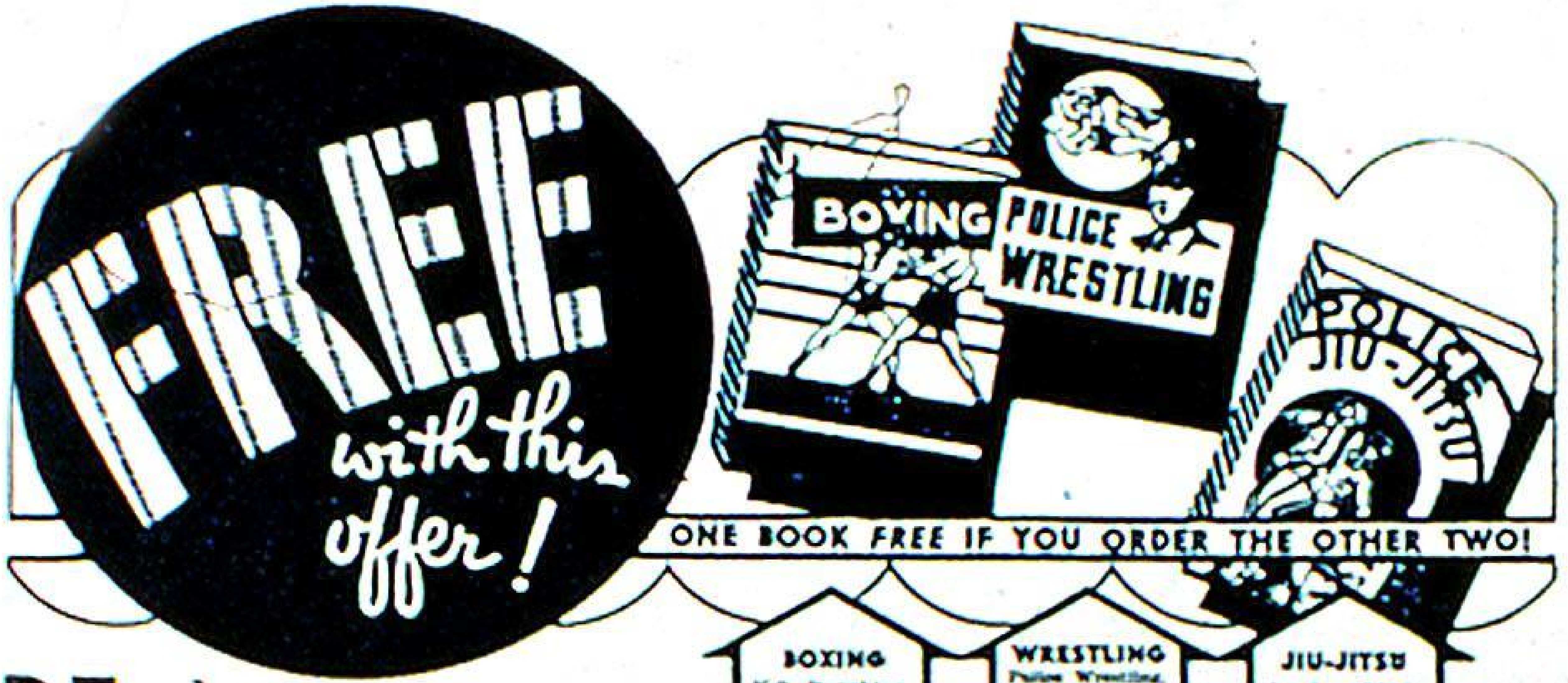
AMAZING COMICS

NO. 1

FALL ISSUE

10¢

QUICK DRYING CEMENT



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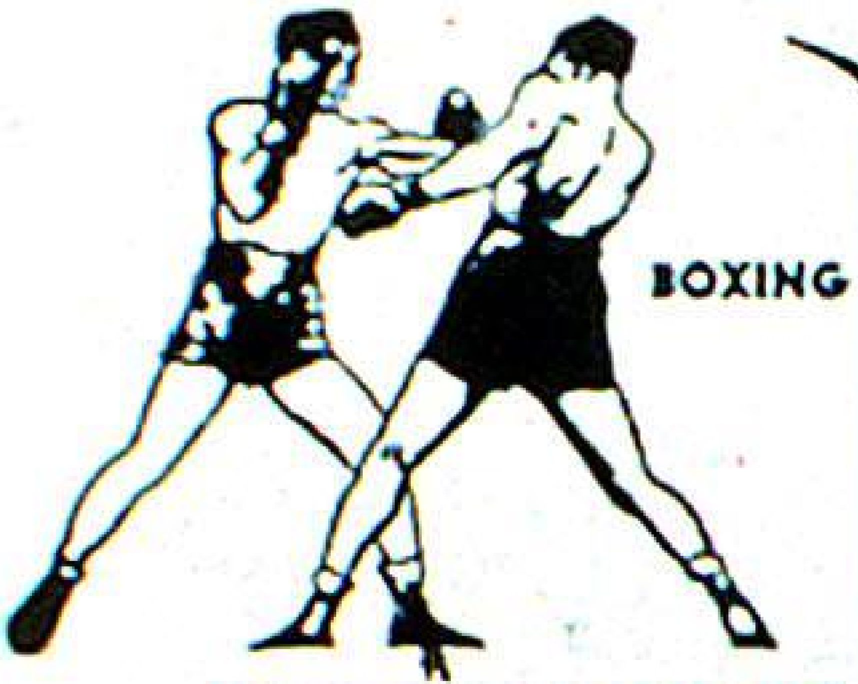

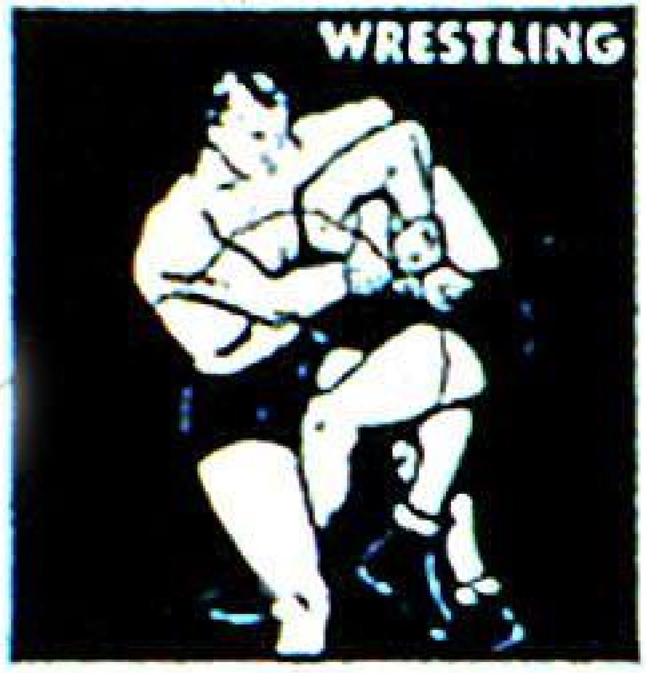

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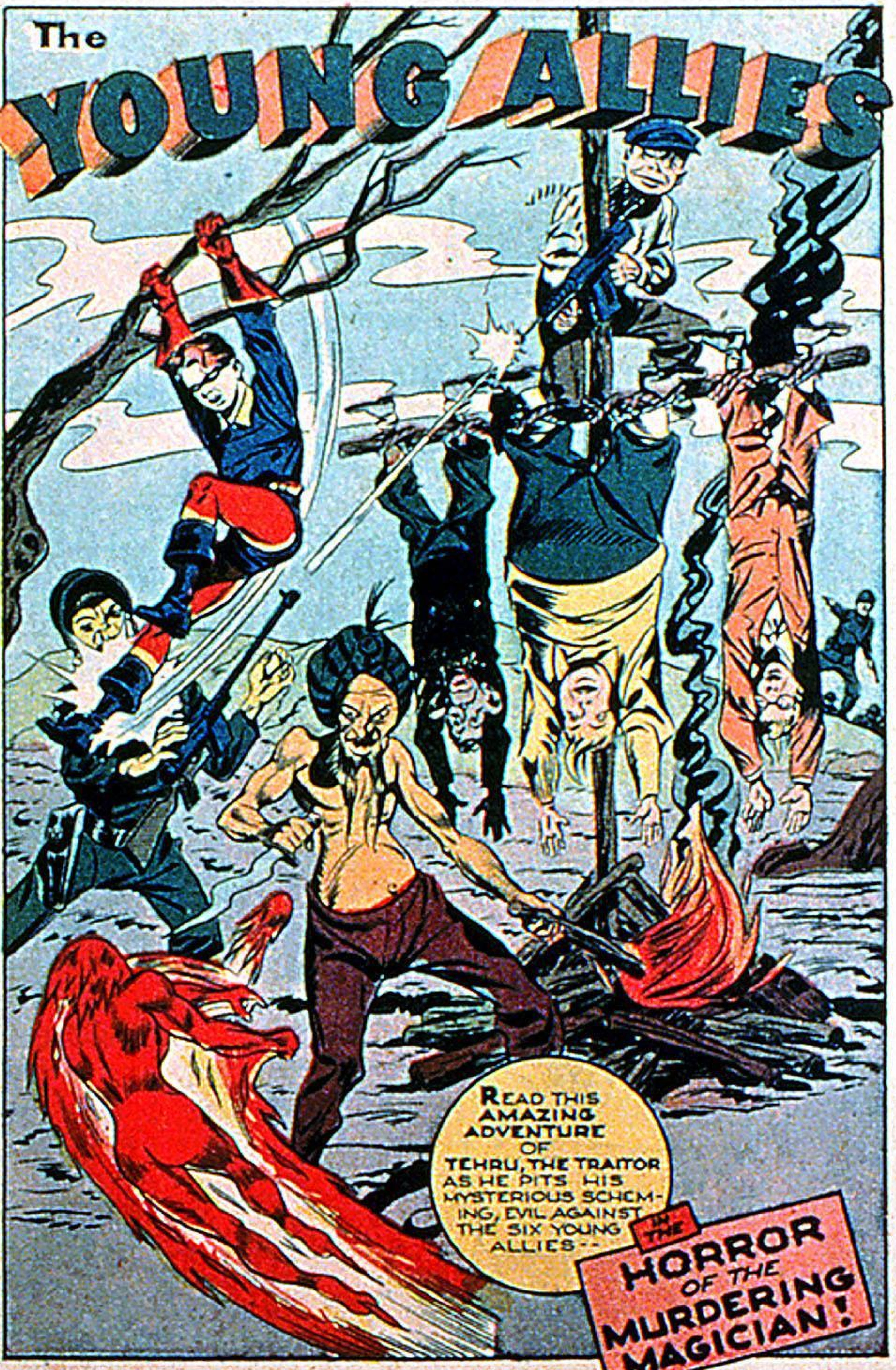
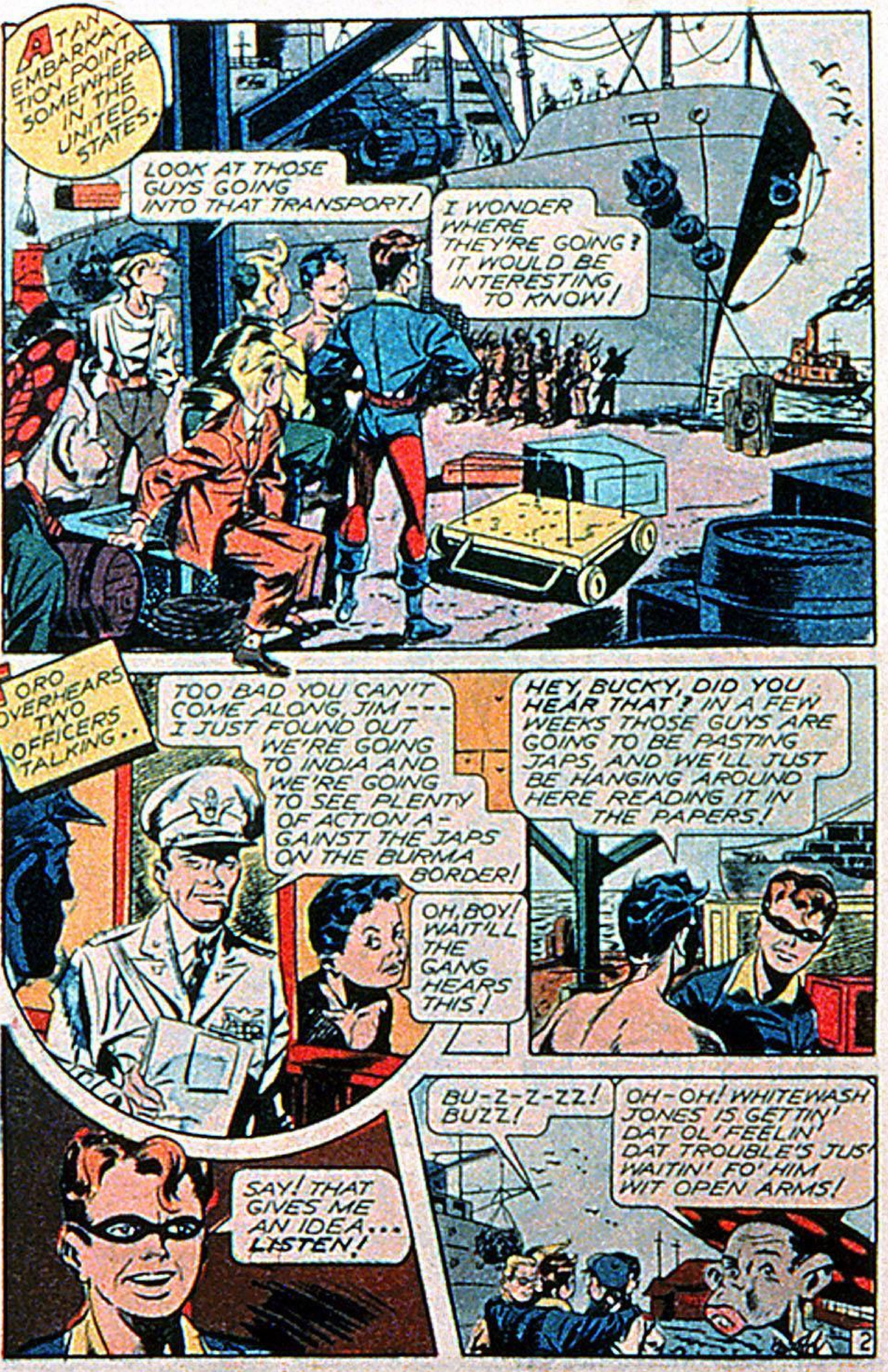
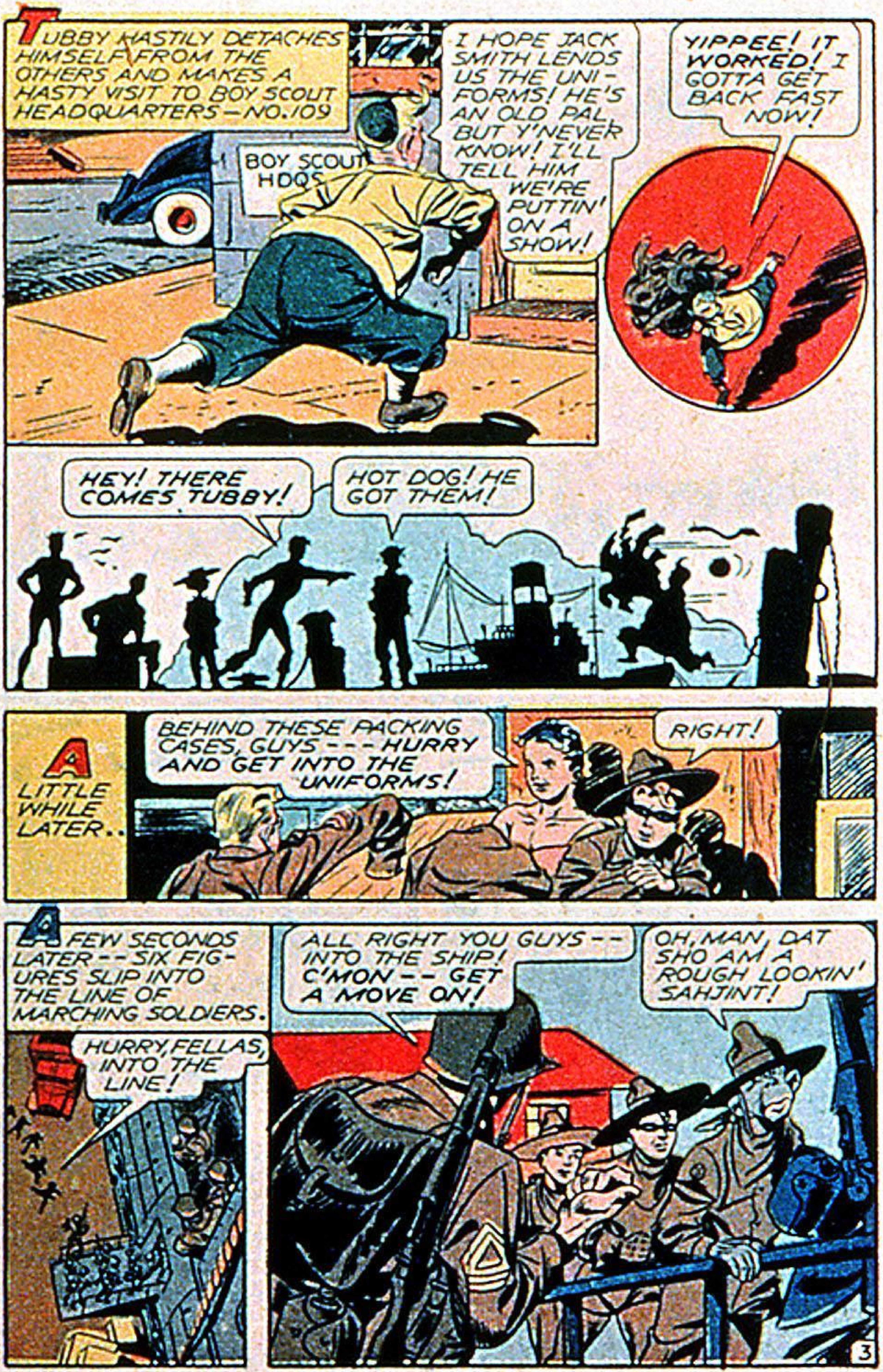
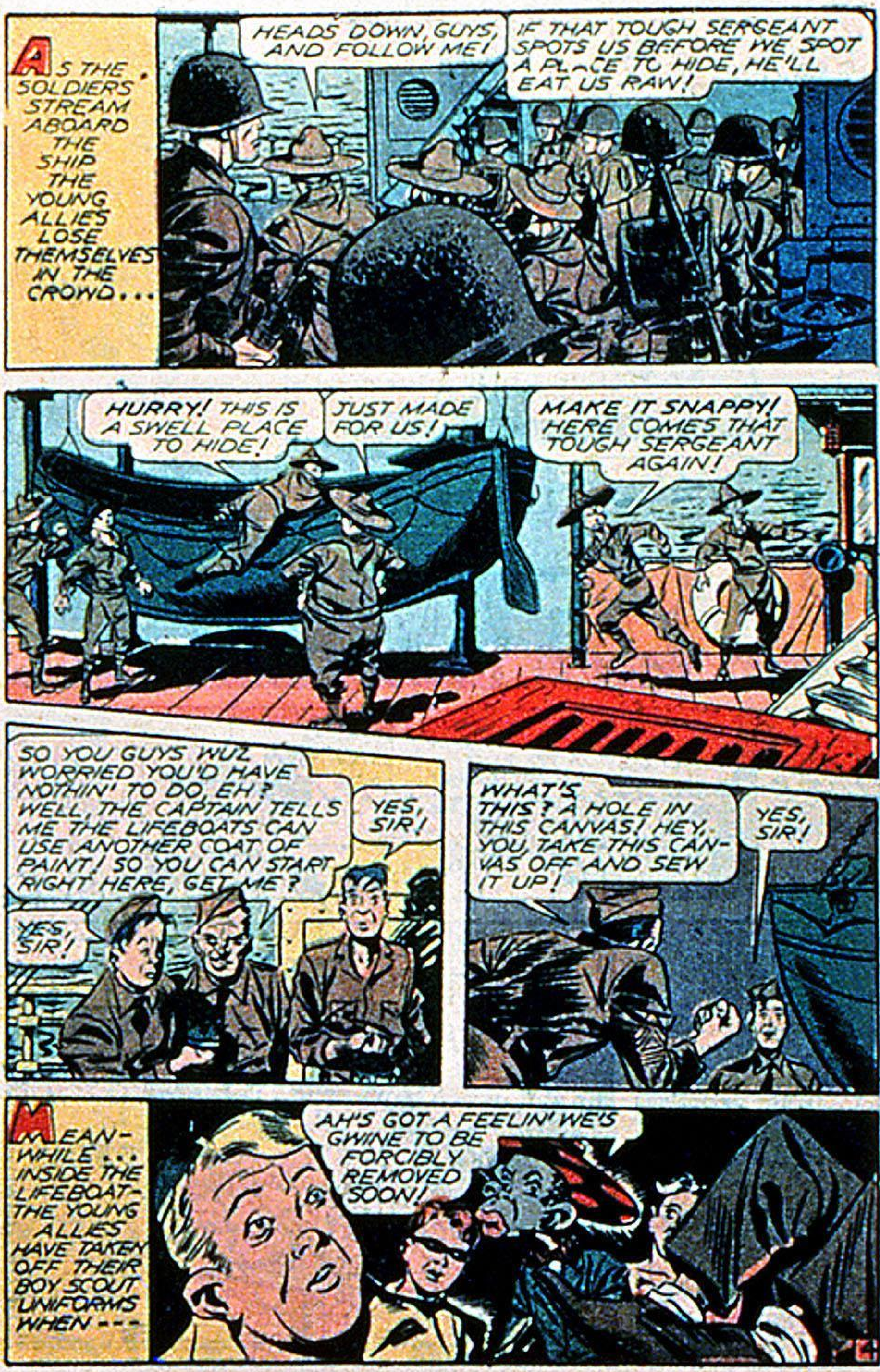
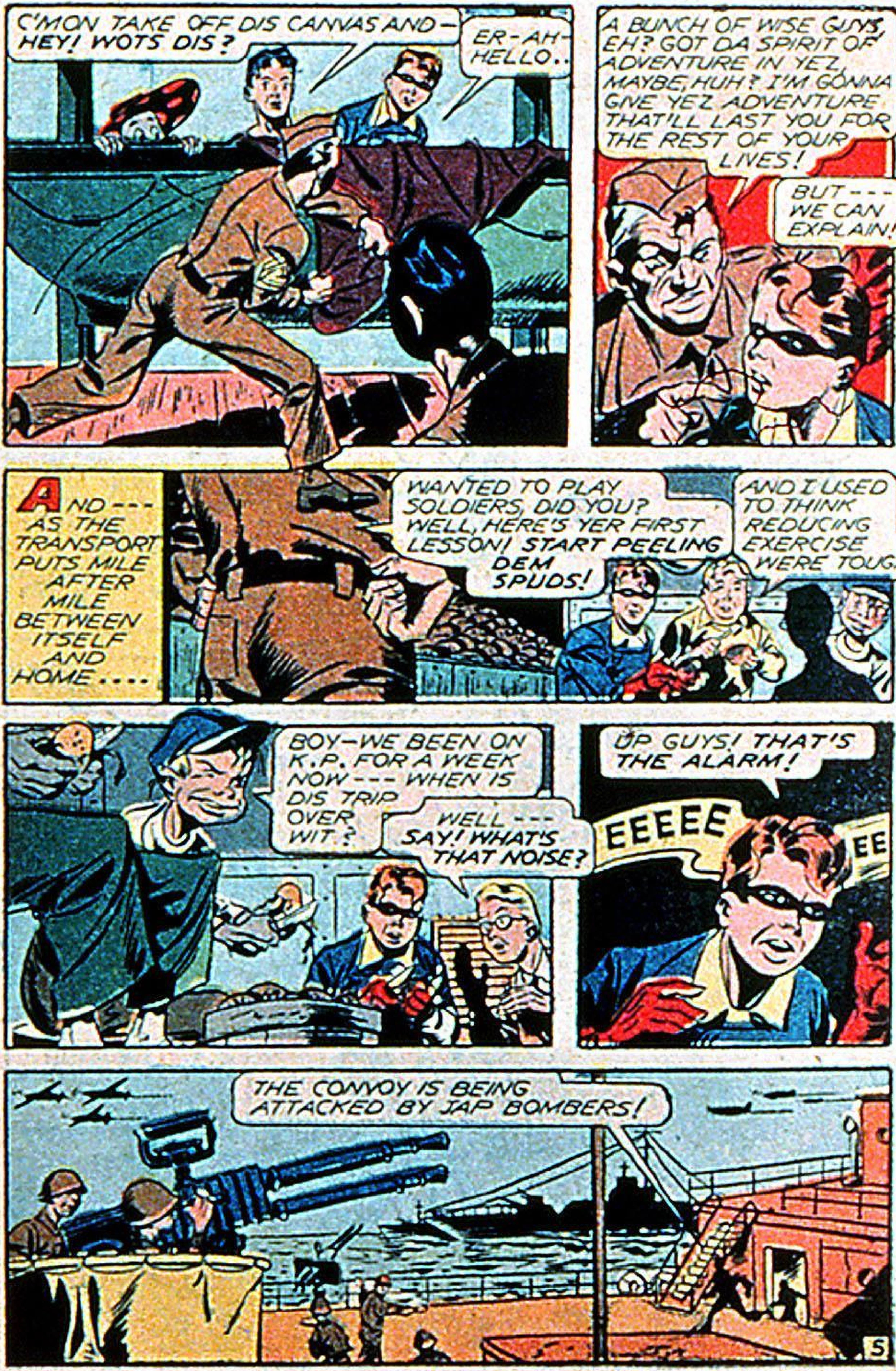
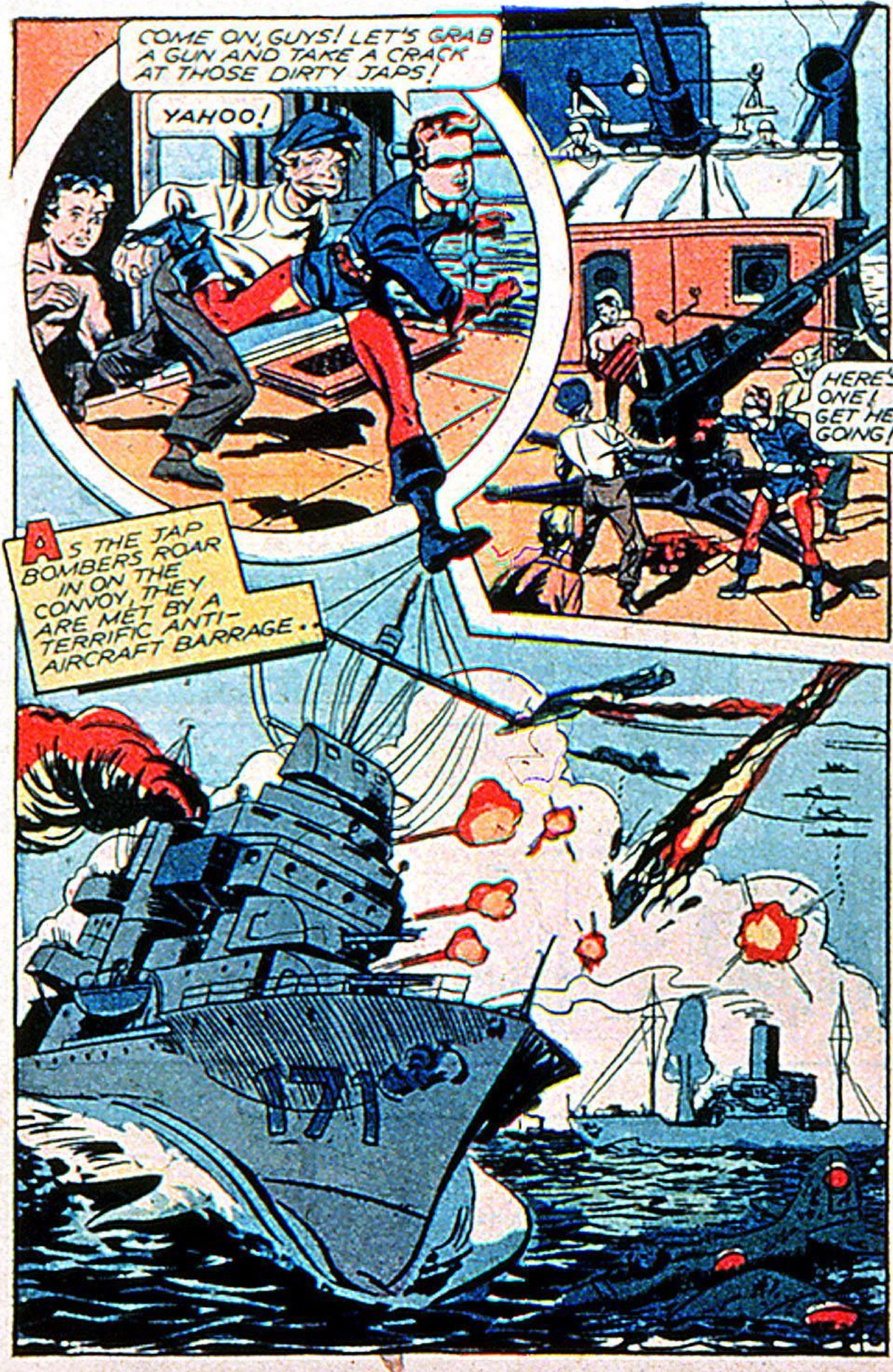

The
YOUNG ALLIES
READ THIS AMAZING ADVENTURE OF TEHRU, THE TRAITOR AS HE PITS HIS MYSTERIOUS SCHEMING, EVIL AGAINST THE SIX YOUNG ALLIES--
IN THE
HORROR OF THE MURDERING MAGICIAN!

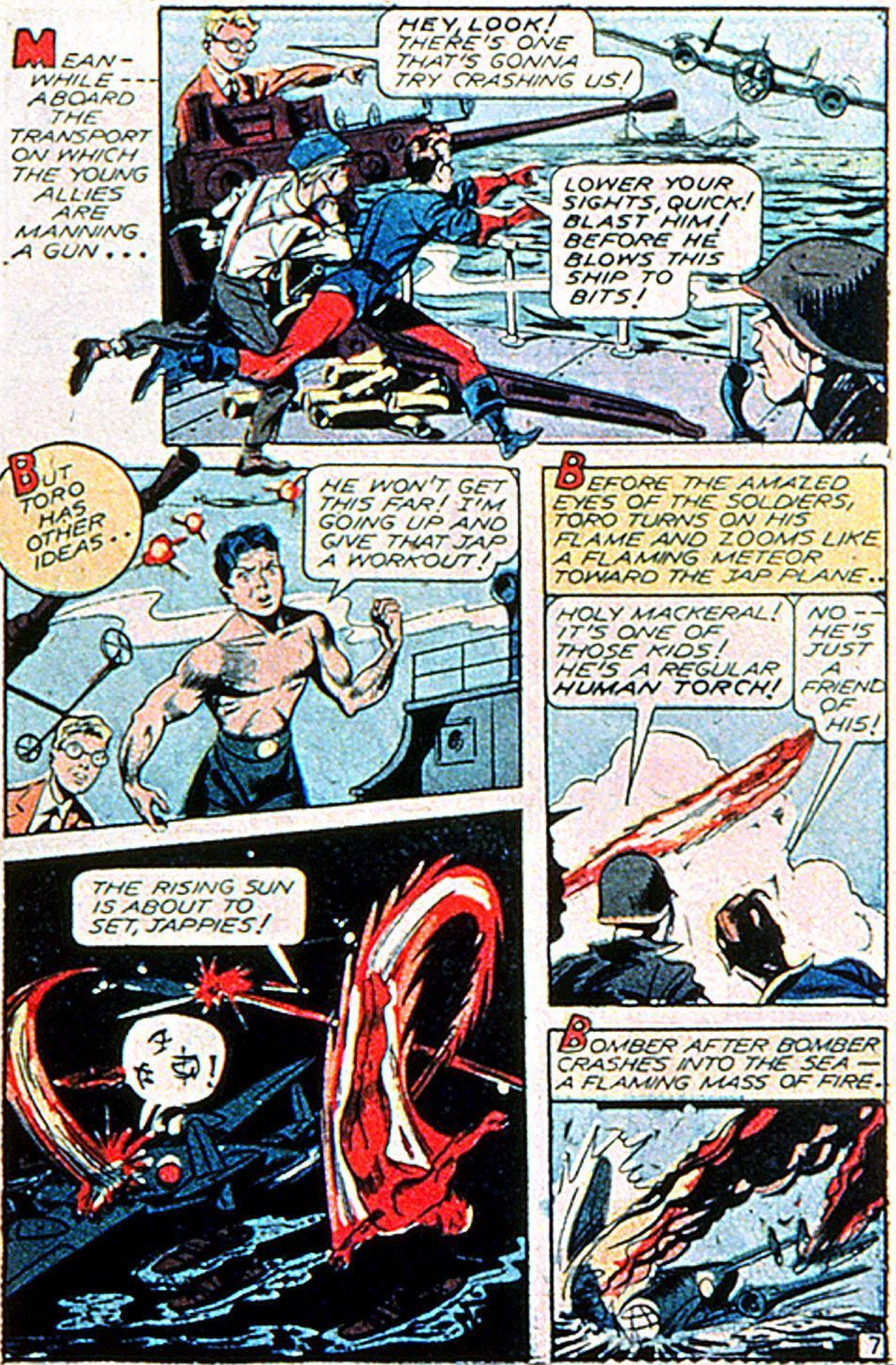

AT AN EMBARKATION POINT SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES.
LOOK AT THOSE GUYS GOING INTO THAT TRANSPORT!
I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE GOING? IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO KNOW!
TORO OVERHEARS TWO OFFICERS TALKING..
TOO BAD YOU CAN'T COME ALONG, JIM--- I JUST FOUND OUT WE'RE GOING TO INDIA AND WE'RE GOING TO SEE PLENTY OF ACTION AGAINST THE JAPS ON THE BURMA BORDER!
OH, BOY! WAIT'LL THE GANG HEARS THIS!
HEY, BUCKY, DID YOU HEAR THAT? IN A FEW WEEKS THOSE GUYS ARE GOING TO BE PASTING JAPS, AND WE'LL JUST BE HANGING AROUND HERE READING IT IN THE PAPERS!
SAY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA... LISTEN!
BU-Z-Z-ZZ! BUZZ!
OH-OH! WHITEWASH JONES IS GETTIN' DAT OL' FEELIN' DAT TROUBLE'S JUS' WAITIN' FO' HIM WIT OPEN ARMS!

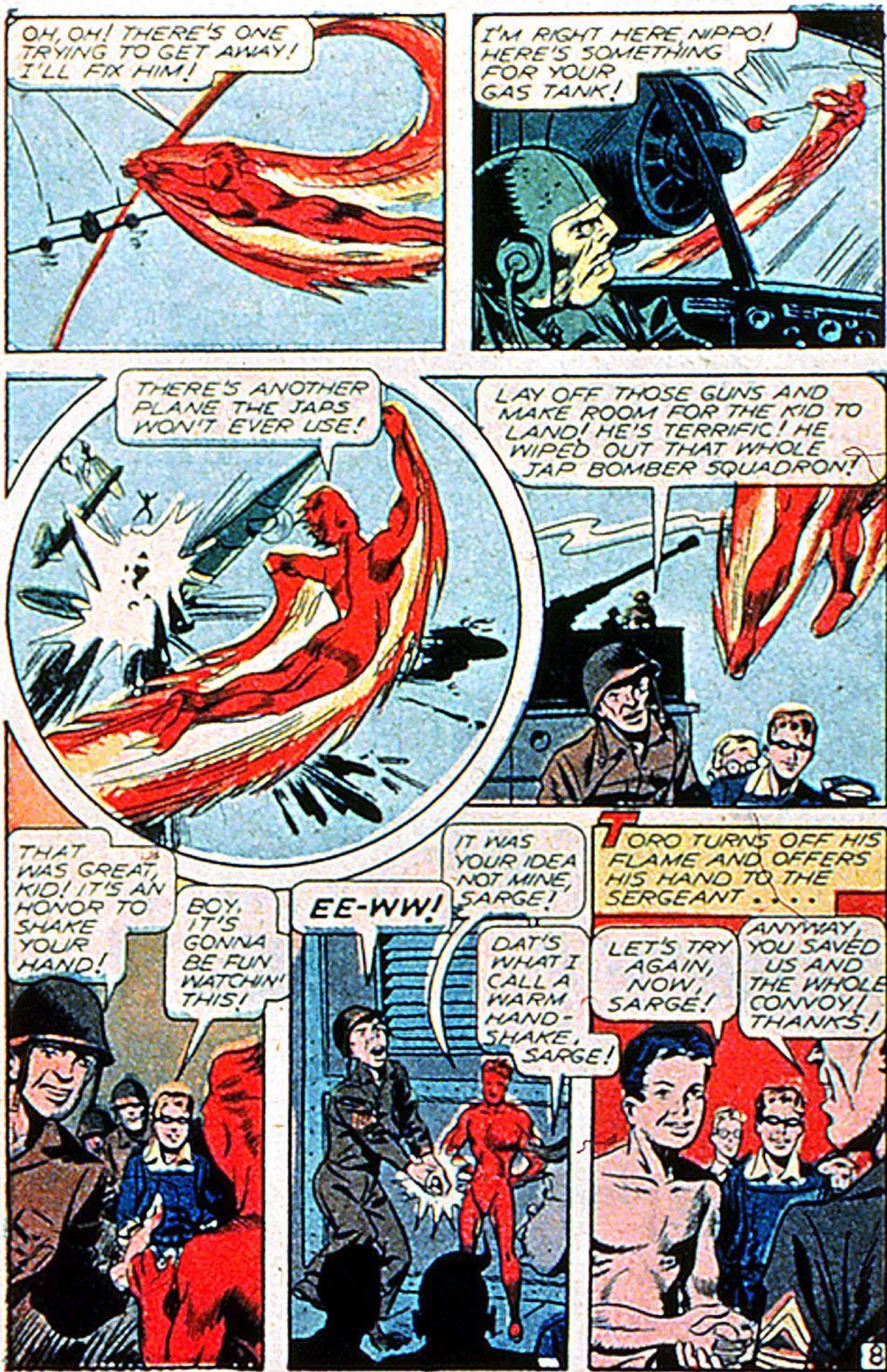

TUBBY HASTILY DETACHES HIMSELF FROM THE OTHERS AND MAKES A HASTY VISIT TO BOY SCOUT HEADQUARTERS—NO.109
BOY SCOUT HDQS
I HOPE JACK SMITH LENDS US THE UNIFORMS! HE'S AN OLD PAL, BUT Y'NEVER KNOW! I'LL TELL HIM WE'RE PUTTIN' ON A SHOW!
YIPPEE! IT WORKED! I GOTTA GET BACK FAST NOW!
HEY! THERE COMES TUBBY!
HOT DOG! HE GOT THEM!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER..
BEHIND THESE PACKING CASES, GUYS --- HURRY AND GET INTO THE UNIFORMS!
RIGHT!
A FEW SECONDS LATER -- SIX FIGURES SLIP INTO THE LINE OF MARCHING SOLDIERS.
HURRY, FELLAS, INTO THE LINE!
ALL RIGHT YOU GUYS -- INTO THE SHIP! C'MON -- GET A MOVE ON!
OH, MAN, DAT SHO AM A ROUGH LOOKIN' SAHJINT!
3

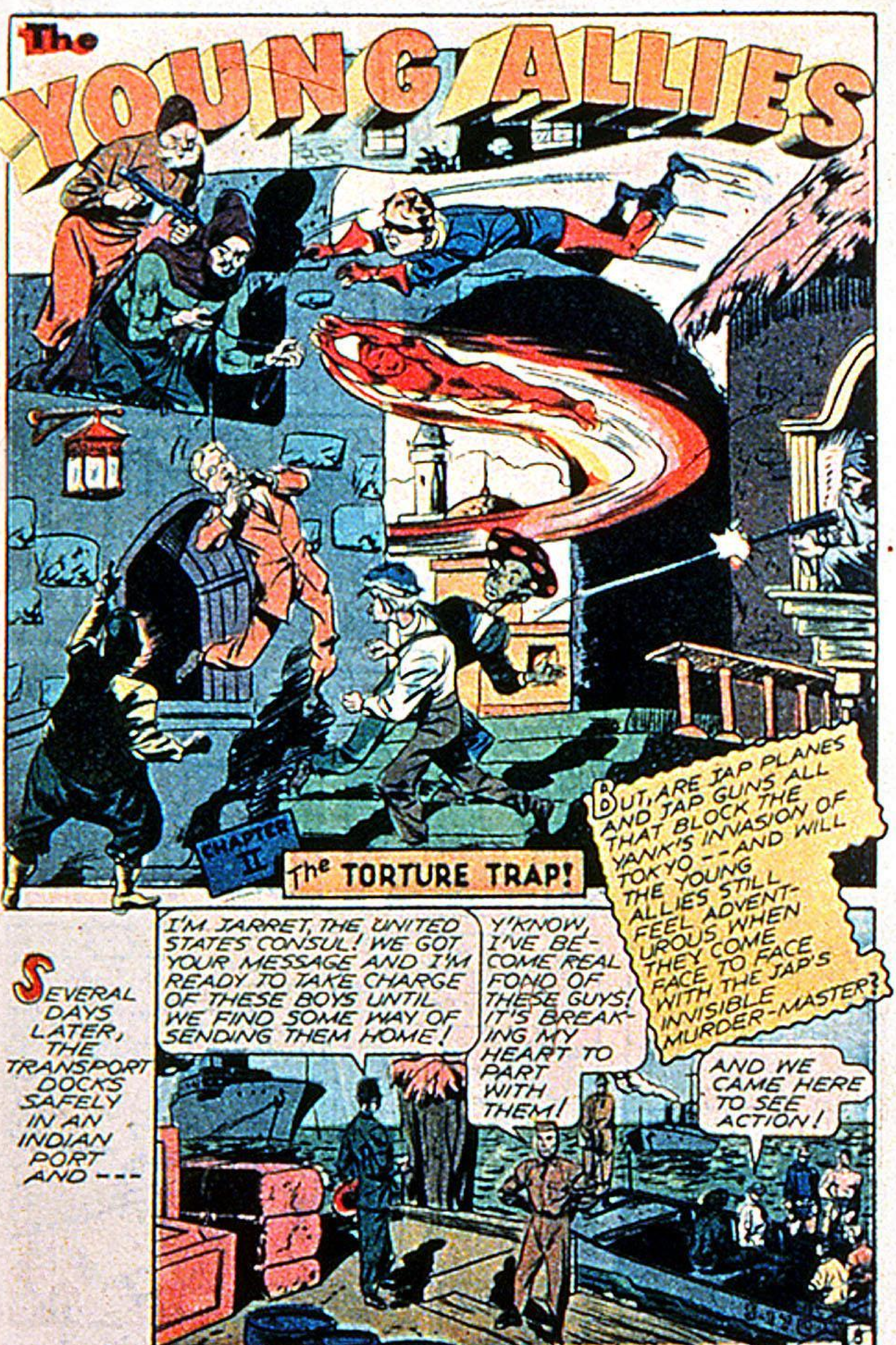

AS THE SOLDIERS STREAM ABOARD THE SHIP THE YOUNG ALLIES LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE CROWD...
HEADS DOWN, GUYS, AND FOLLOW ME!
IF THAT TOUGH SERGEANT SPOTS US BEFORE WE SPOT A PLACE TO HIDE, HE'LL EAT US RAW!
HURRY! THIS IS A SWELL PLACE TO HIDE!
JUST MADE FOR US!
MAKE IT SNAPPY! HERE COMES THAT TOUGH SERGEANT AGAIN!
SO YOU GUYS WUZ WORRIED YOU'D HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO, EH? WELL, THE CAPTAIN TELLS ME THE LIFEBOATS CAN USE ANOTHER COAT OF PAINT! SO YOU CAN START RIGHT HERE, GET ME?
YES, SIR!
YES, SIR!
WHAT'S THIS? A HOLE IN THIS CANVAS! HEY, YOU, TAKE THIS CANVAS OFF AND SEW IT UP!
YES, SIR!
MEANWHILE... INSIDE THE LIFEBOAT-THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE TAKEN OFF THEIR BOY SCOUT UNIFORMS WHEN ---
AH'S GOT A FEELIN' WE'S GWINE TO BE FORCIBLY REMOVED SOON!

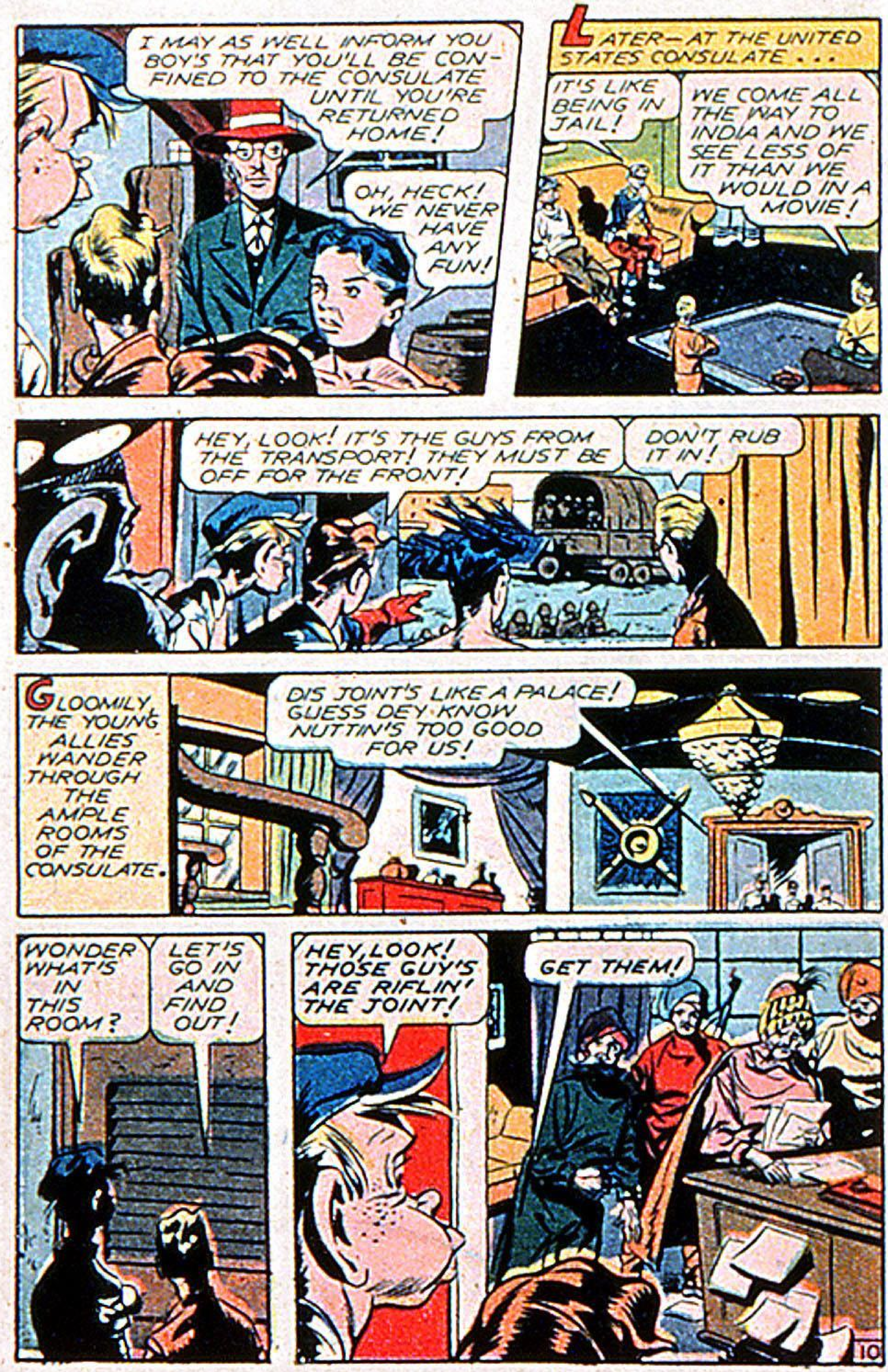

C'MON TAKE OFF DIS CANVAS AND — HEY! WOTS DIS?
ER—AH— HELLO..
A BUNCH OF WISE GUYS, EH? GOT DA SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE IN YEZ, MAYBE, HUH? I'M GONNA GIVE YEZ ADVENTURE THAT'LL LAST YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES!
BUT--- WE CAN EXPLAIN!
AND --- AS THE TRANSPORT PUTS MILE AFTER MILE BETWEEN ITSELF AND HOME....
WANTED TO PLAY SOLDIERS, DID YOU? WELL, HERE'S YER FIRST LESSON! START PEELING DEM SPUDS!
AND I USED TO THINK REDUCING EXERCISE WERE TOUGH!
BOY—WE BEEN ON K.P. FOR A WEEK NOW --- WHEN IS DIS TRIP OVER WIT?
WELL --- SAY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
UP GUYS! THAT'S THE ALARM!
EEEEE
EE
THE CONVOY IS BEING ATTACKED BY JAP BOMBERS!

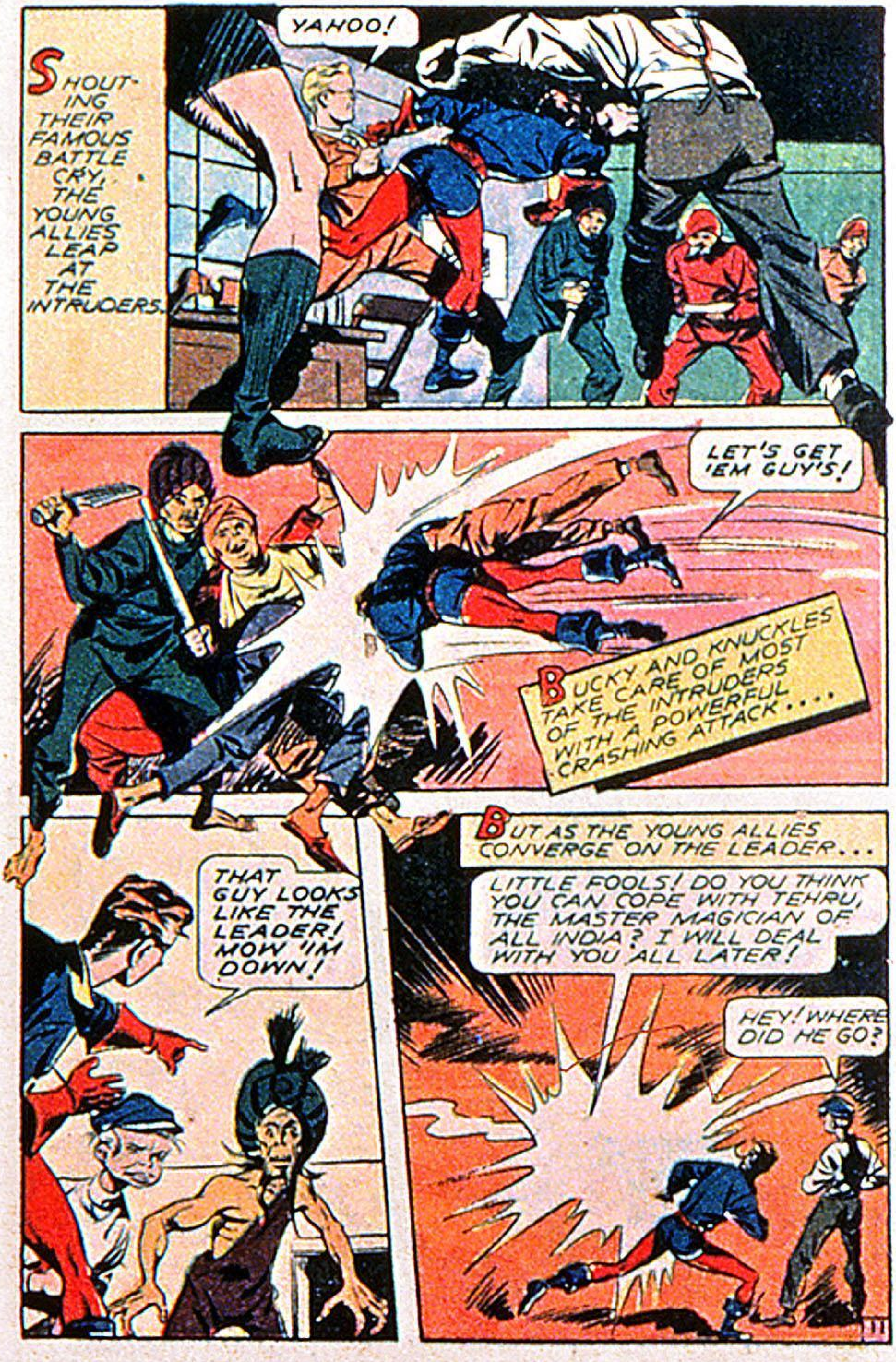

COME ON, GUYS! LET'S GRAB A GUN AND TAKE A CRACK AT THOSE DIRTY JAPS!
YAHOO!
HERE'S ONE! GET HER GOING!
AS THE JAP BOMBERS ROAR IN ON THE CONVOY, THEY ARE MET BY A TERRIFIC ANTI-AIRCRAFT BARRAGE..

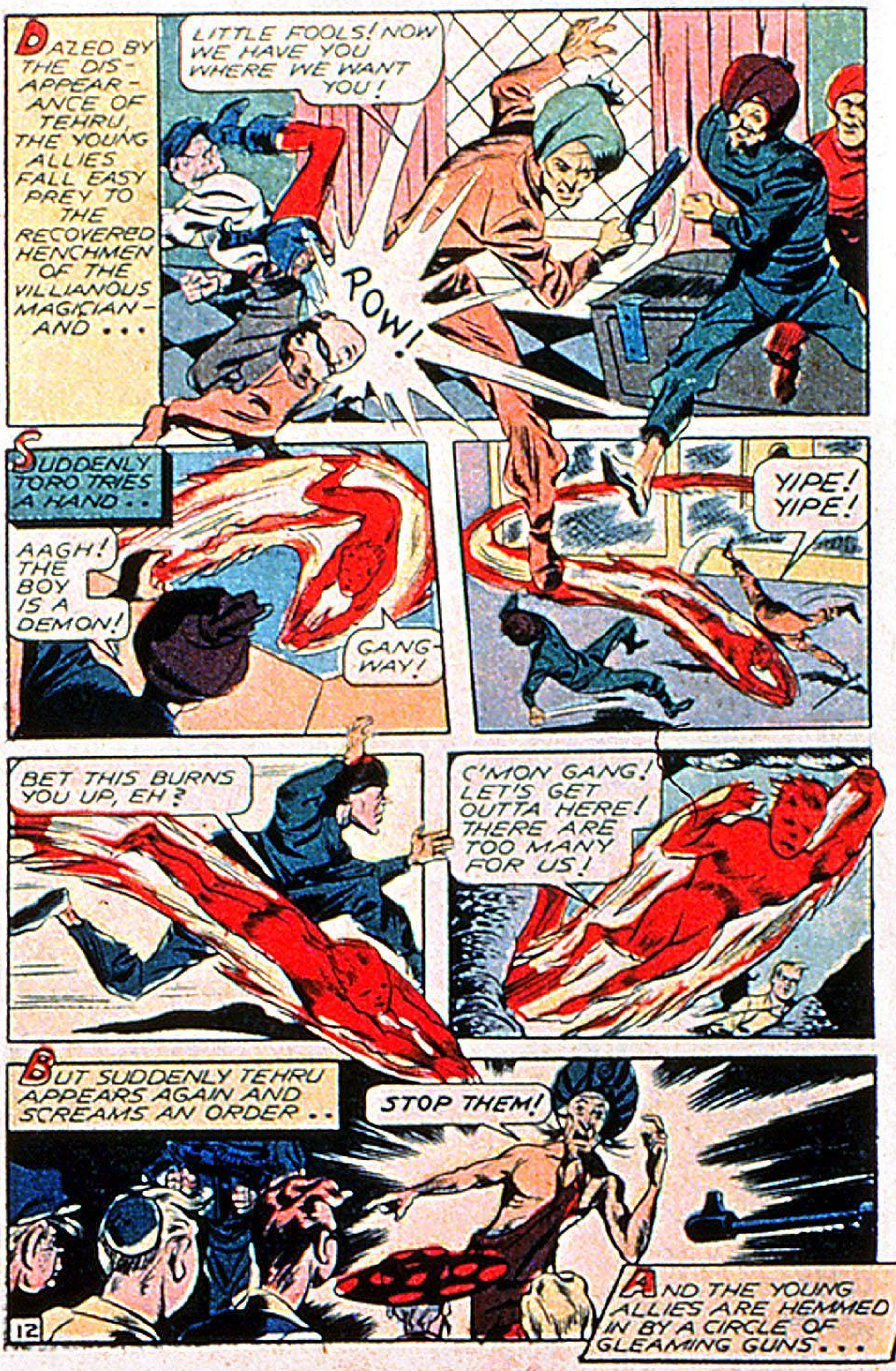

MEANWHILE --- ABOARD THE TRANSPORT ON WHICH THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE MANNING A GUN . . .
HEY, LOOK! THERE'S ONE THAT'S GONNA TRY CRASHING US!
LOWER YOUR SIGHTS, QUICK! BLAST HIM! BEFORE HE BLOWS THIS SHIP TO BITS!
BUT TORO HAS OTHER IDEAS . . .
HE WON'T GET THIS FAR! I'M GOING UP AND GIVE THAT JAP A WORKOUT!
BEFORE THE AMAZED EYES OF THE SOLDIERS, TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND ZOOMS LIKE A FLAMING METEOR TOWARD THE JAP PLANE . .
HOLY MACKERAL! IT'S ONE OF THOSE KIDS! HE'S A REGULAR HUMAN TORCH!
NO -- HE'S JUST A FRIEND OF HIS!
THE RISING SUN IS ABOUT TO SET, JAPPIES!
BOMBER AFTER BOMBER CRASHES INTO THE SEA — A FLAMING MASS OF FIRE.

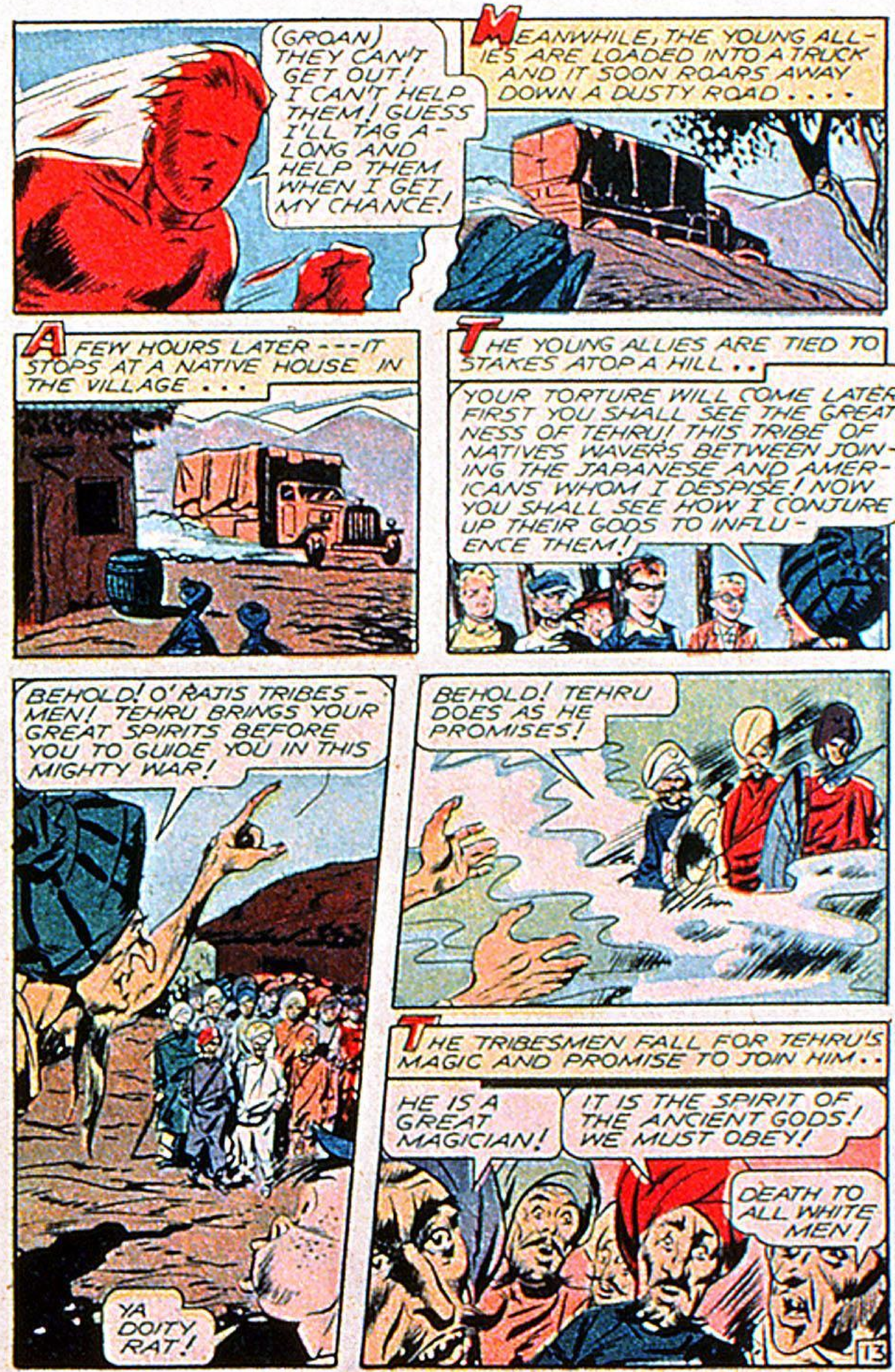

OH, OH! THERE'S ONE TRYING TO GET AWAY! I'LL FIX HIM!
I'M RIGHT HERE, NIPPO! HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOUR GAS TANK!
THERE'S ANOTHER PLANE THE JAPS WON'T EVER USE!
LAY OFF THOSE GUNS AND MAKE ROOM FOR THE KID TO LAND! HE'S TERRIFIC! HE WIPED OUT THAT WHOLE JAP BOMBER SQUADRON!
THAT WAS GREAT, KID! IT'S AN HONOR TO SHAKE YOUR HAND!
BOY, IT'S GONNA BE FUN WATCHIN' THIS!
EE-WW!
IT WAS YOUR IDEA NOT MINE, SARGE!
DAT'S WHAT I CALL A WARM HAND-SHAKE, SARGE!
TORO TURNS OFF HIS FLAME AND OFFERS HIS HAND TO THE SERGEANT . . .
LET'S TRY AGAIN, NOW, SARGE!
ANYWAY, YOU SAVED US AND THE WHOLE CONVOY! THANKS!

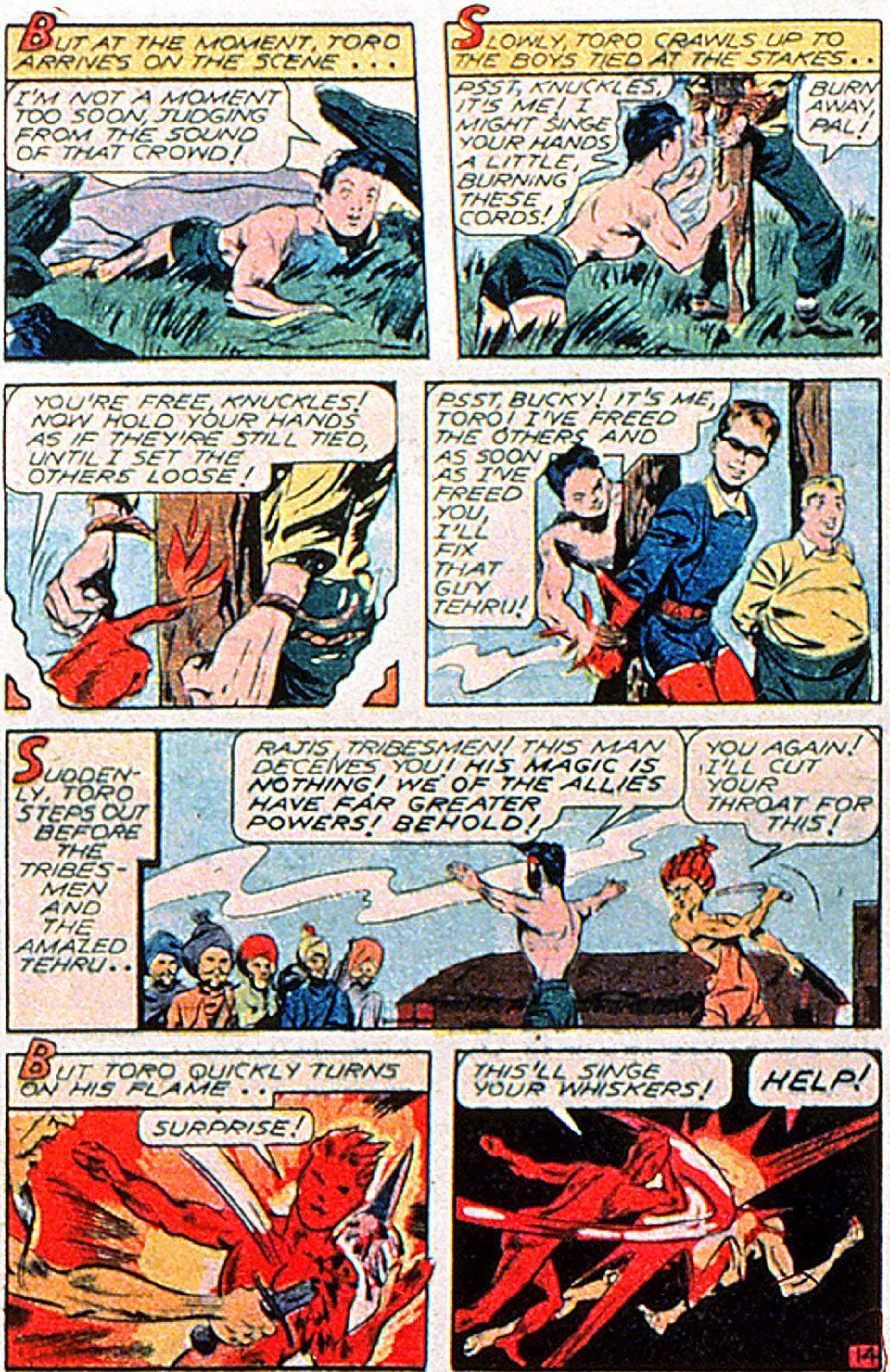

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER II
The TORTURE TRAP!
BUT, ARE JAP PLANES AND JAP GUNS ALL THAT BLOCK THE YANK'S INVASION OF TOKYO--AND WILL THE YOUNG ALLIES STILL FEEL ADVENTUROUS WHEN THEY COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE JAP'S INVISIBLE MURDER-MASTER?
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE TRANSPORT DOCKS SAFELY IN AN INDIAN PORT AND---
I'M JARRET, THE UNITED STATES CONSUL! WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE AND I'M READY TO TAKE CHARGE OF THESE BOYS UNTIL WE FIND SOME WAY OF SENDING THEM HOME!
Y'KNOW, I'VE BECOME REAL FOND OF THESE GUYS! IT'S BREAKING MY HEART TO PART WITH THEM!
AND WE CAME HERE TO SEE ACTION!

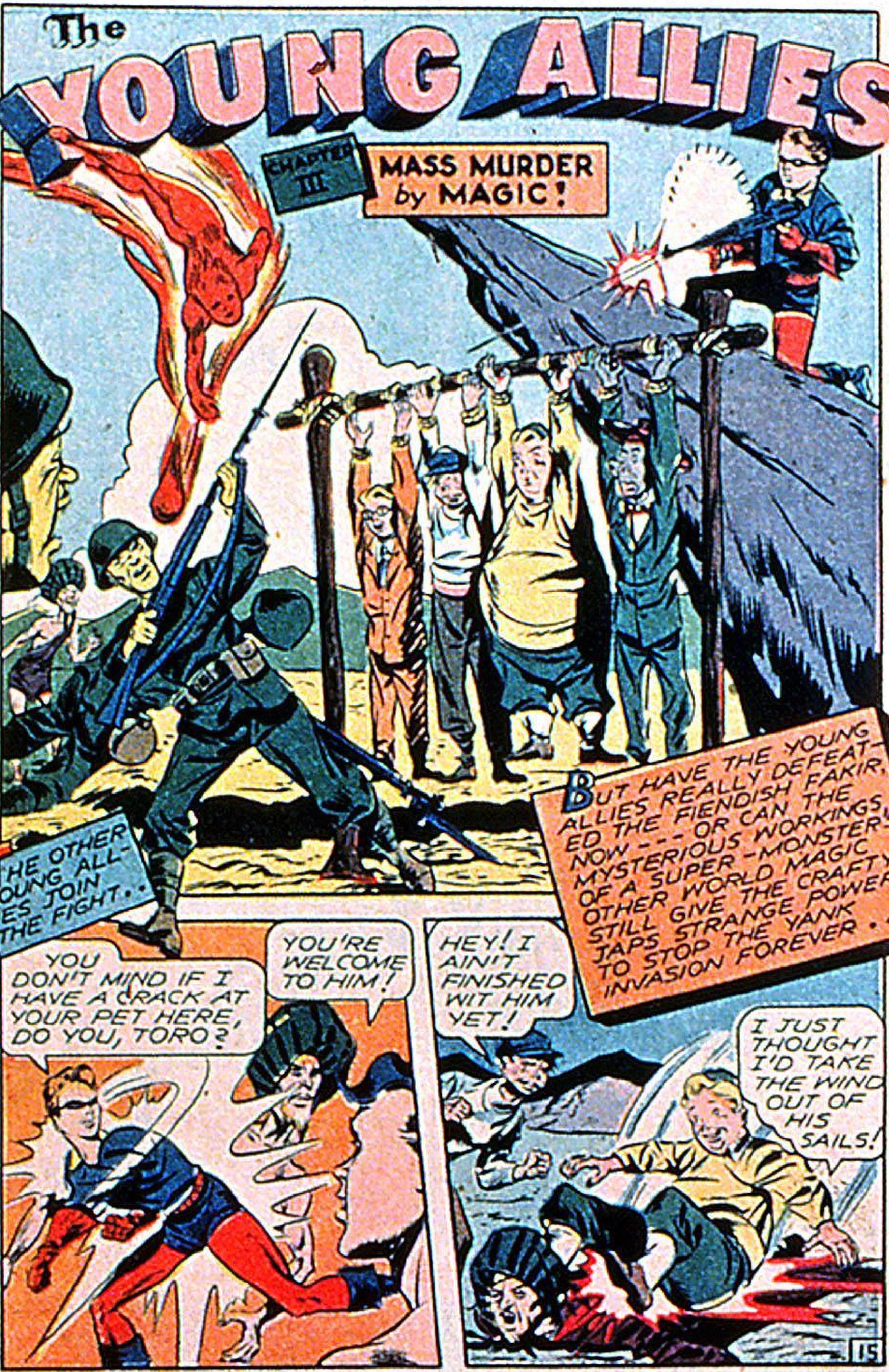

I MAY AS WELL INFORM YOU BOY'S THAT YOU'LL BE CONFINED TO THE CONSULATE UNTIL YOU'RE RETURNED HOME!
OH, HECK! WE NEVER HAVE ANY FUN!
LATER—AT THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE . . .
IT'S LIKE BEING IN JAIL!
WE COME ALL THE WAY TO INDIA AND WE SEE LESS OF IT THAN WE WOULD IN A MOVIE!
HEY, LOOK! IT'S THE GUYS FROM THE TRANSPORT! THEY MUST BE OFF FOR THE FRONT!
DON'T RUB IT IN!
GLOOMILY, THE YOUNG ALLIES WANDER THROUGH THE AMPLE ROOMS OF THE CONSULATE.
DIS JOINT'S LIKE A PALACE! GUESS DEY KNOW NUTTIN'S TOO GOOD FOR US!
WONDER WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM?
LET'S GO IN AND FIND OUT!
HEY, LOOK! THOSE GUY'S ARE RIFLIN' THE JOINT!
GET THEM!
10

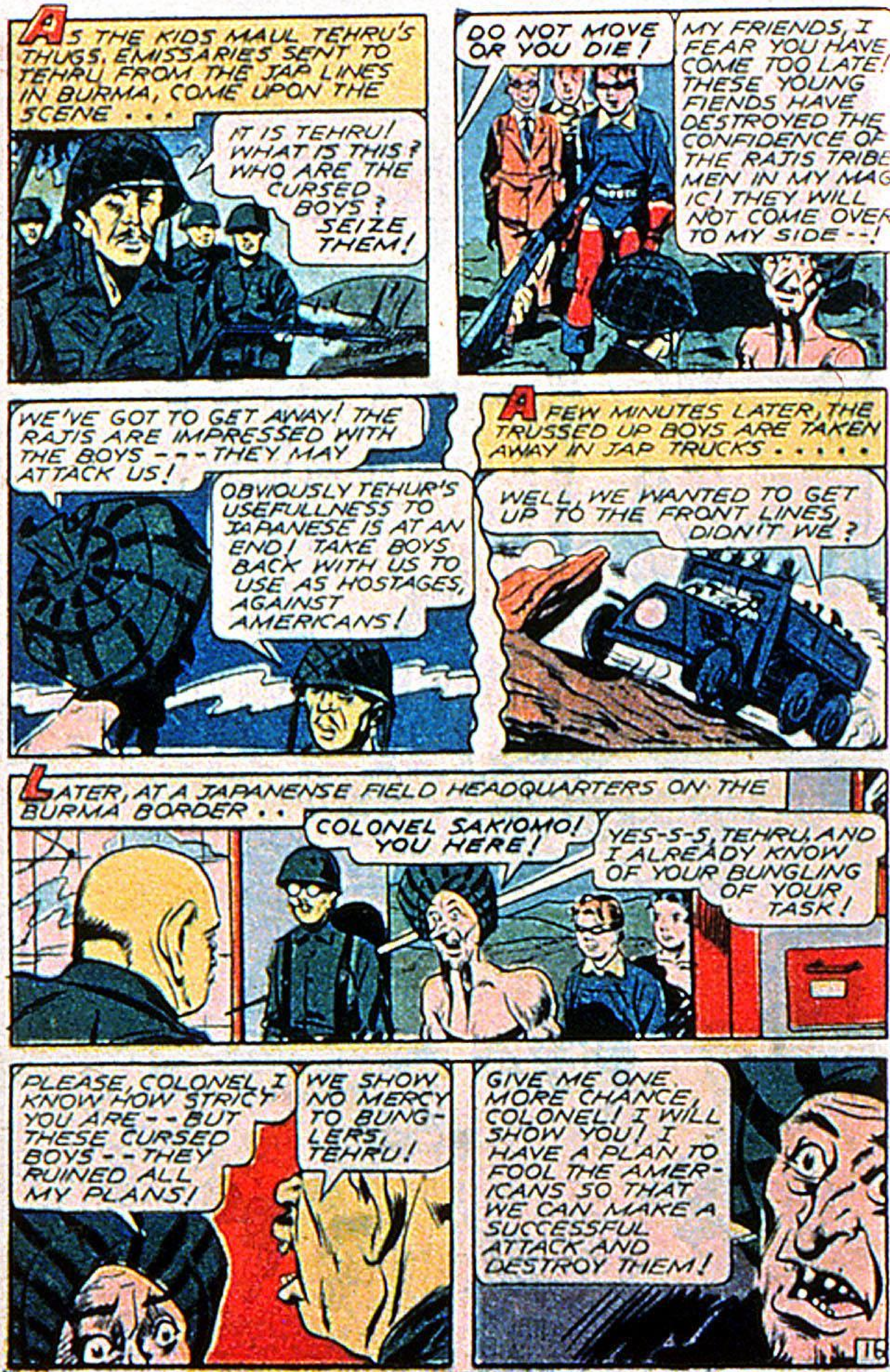

SHOUTING THEIR FAMOUS BATTLE CRY, THE YOUNG ALLIES LEAP AT THE INTRUDERS.
YAHOO!
LET'S GET 'EM GUY'S!
BUCKY AND KNUCKLES TAKE CARE OF MOST OF THE INTRUDERS WITH A POWERFUL CRASHING ATTACK...
THAT GUY LOOKS LIKE THE LEADER! MOW 'IM DOWN!
BUT AS THE YOUNG ALLIES CONVERGE ON THE LEADER...
LITTLE FOOLS! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN COPE WITH TEHRU, THE MASTER MAGICIAN OF ALL INDIA? I WILL DEAL WITH YOU ALL LATER!
HEY! WHERE DID HE GO?

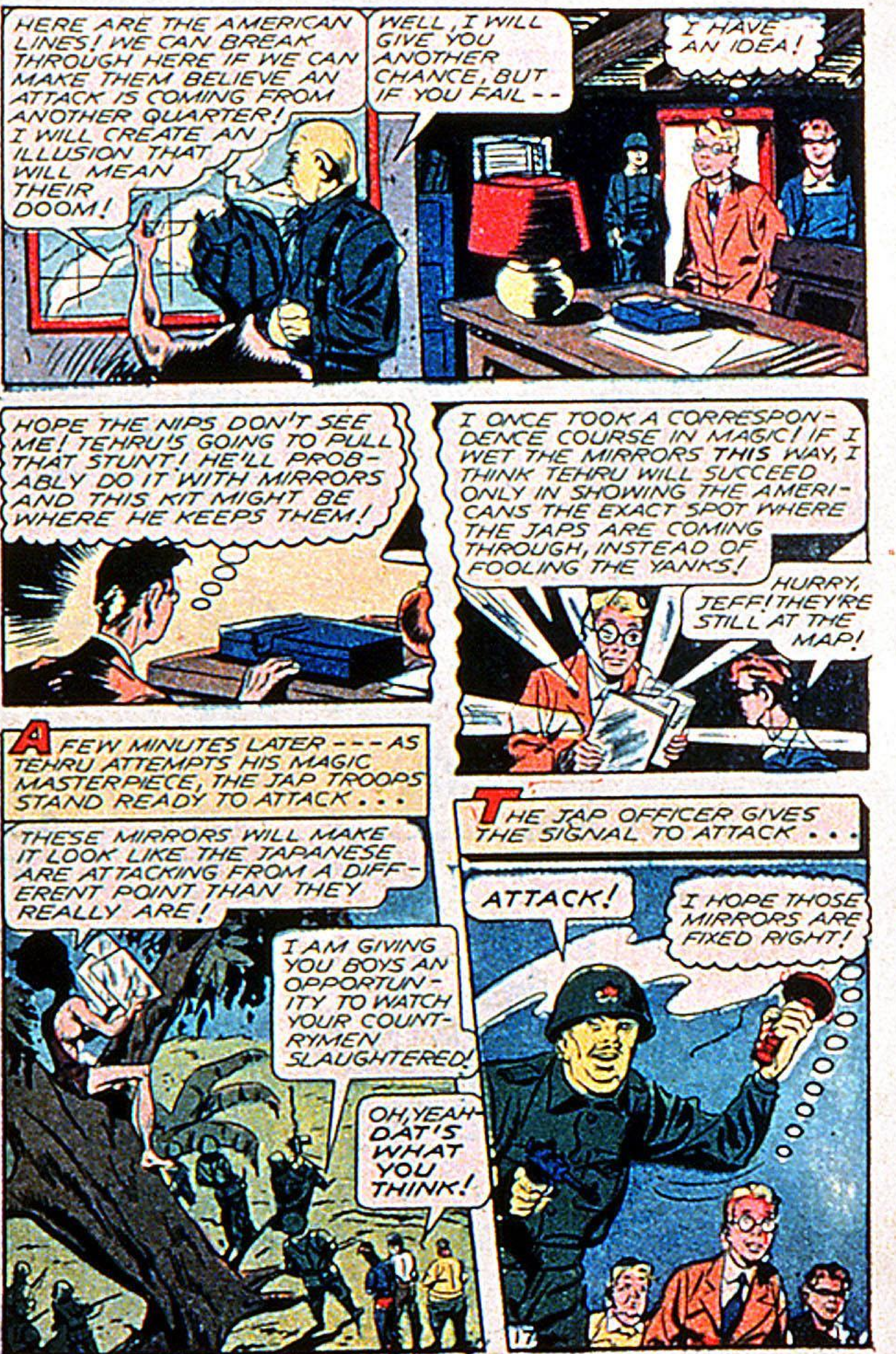

DAZED BY THE DISAPPEARANCE OF TEHRU, THE YOUNG ALLIES FALL EASY PREY TO THE RECOVERED HENCHMEN OF THE VILLIANOUS MAGICIAN — AND . . .
LITTLE FOOLS! NOW WE HAVE YOU WHERE WE WANT YOU!
POW!
SUDDENLY TORO TRIES A HAND . .
AAGH! THE BOY IS A DEMON!
GANGWAY!
YIPE! YIPE!
BET THIS BURNS YOU UP, EH?
C'MON GANG! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR US!
BUT SUDDENLY TEHRU APPEARS AGAIN AND SCREAMS AN ORDER . .
STOP THEM!
AND THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE HEMMED IN BY A CIRCLE OF GLEAMING GUNS . . .

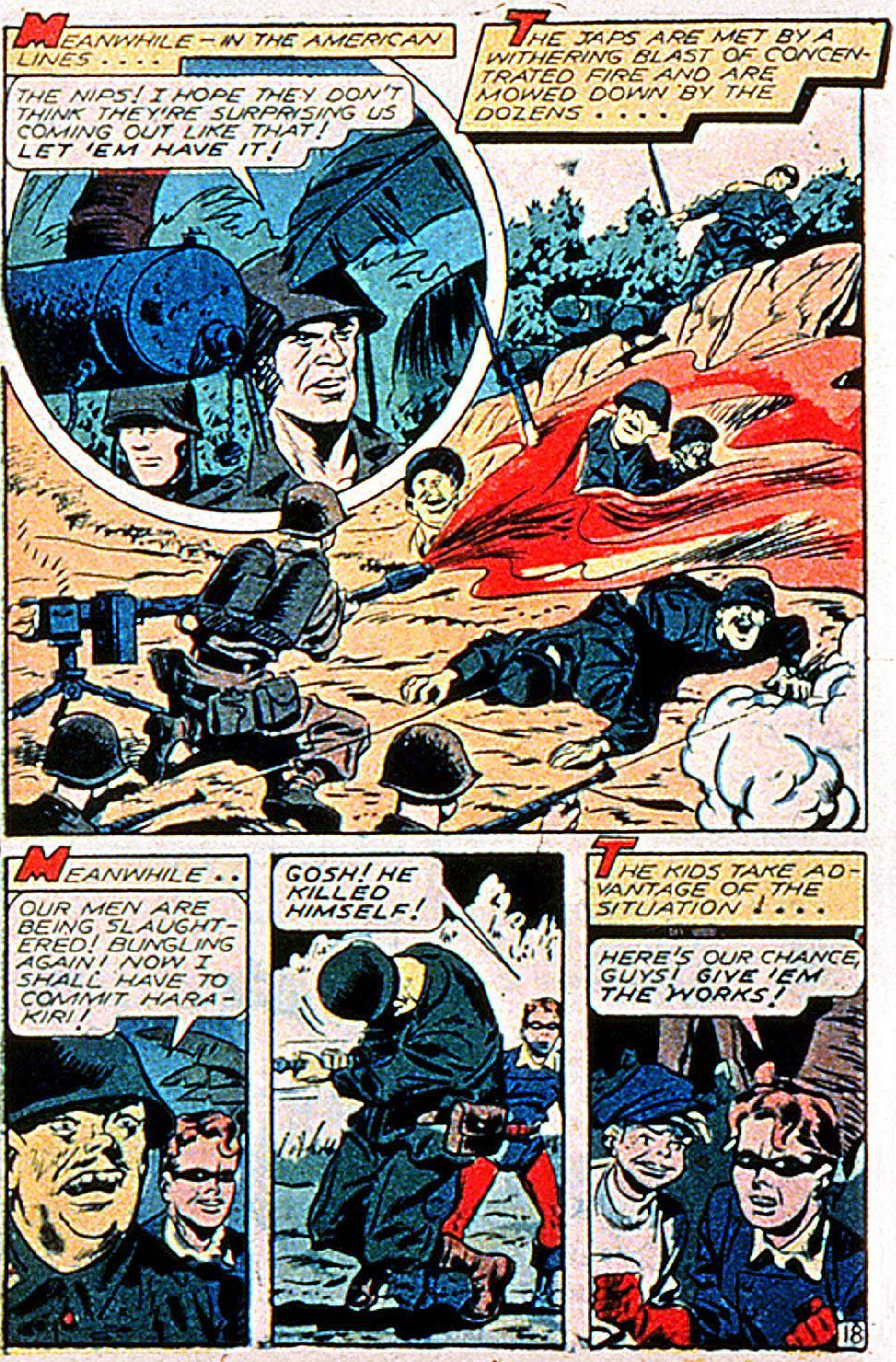

(GROAN) THEY CAN'T GET OUT! I CAN'T HELP THEM! GUESS I'LL TAG ALONG AND HELP THEM WHEN I GET MY CHANCE!
MEANWHILE, THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE LOADED INTO A TRUCK AND IT SOON ROARS AWAY DOWN A DUSTY ROAD....
A FEW HOURS LATER---IT STOPS AT A NATIVE HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE...
THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE TIED TO STAKES ATOP A HILL..
YOUR TORTURE WILL COME LATER! FIRST YOU SHALL SEE THE GREATNESS OF TEHRU! THIS TRIBE OF NATIVES WAVERS BETWEEN JOINING THE JAPANESE AND AMERICANS WHOM I DESPISE! NOW YOU SHALL SEE HOW I CONJURE UP THEIR GODS TO INFLUENCE THEM!
BEHOLD! O' RAJIS TRIBESMEN! TEHRU BRINGS YOUR GREAT SPIRITS BEFORE YOU TO GUIDE YOU IN THIS MIGHTY WAR!
YA DOITY RAT!
BEHOLD! TEHRU DOES AS HE PROMISES!
THE TRIBESMEN FALL FOR TEHRU'S MAGIC AND PROMISE TO JOIN HIM..
HE IS A GREAT MAGICIAN!
IT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE ANCIENT GODS! WE MUST OBEY!
DEATH TO ALL WHITE MEN!

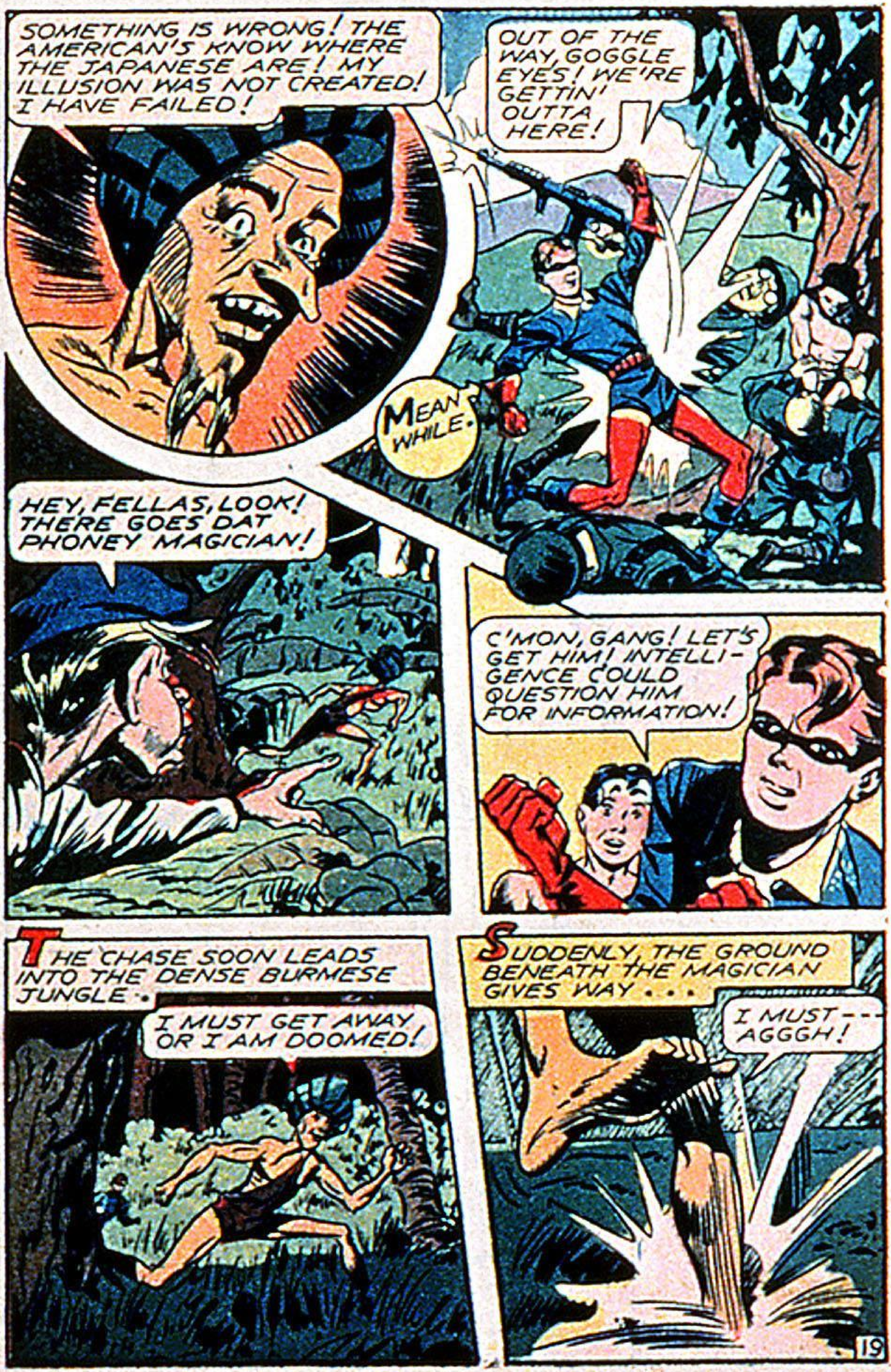

BUT AT THE MOMENT, TORO ARRIVES ON THE SCENE . . .
I'M NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, JUDGING FROM THE SOUND OF THAT CROWD!
SLOWLY, TORO CRAWLS UP TO THE BOYS TIED AT THE STAKES . .
PSST, KNUCKLES, IT'S ME! I MIGHT SINGE YOUR HANDS A LITTLE, BURNING THESE CORDS!
BURN AWAY, PAL!
YOU'RE FREE, KNUCKLES! NOW HOLD YOUR HANDS AS IF THEY'RE STILL TIED, UNTIL I SET THE OTHERS LOOSE!
PSST, BUCKY! IT'S ME, TORO! I'VE FREED THE OTHERS AND AS SOON AS I'VE FREED YOU, I'LL FIX THAT GUY TEHRU!
SUDDENLY, TORO STEPS OUT BEFORE THE TRIBESMEN AND THE AMAZED TEHRU . .
RAJIS, TRIBESMEN! THIS MAN DECEIVES YOU! HIS MAGIC IS NOTHING! WE OF THE ALLIES HAVE FAR GREATER POWERS! BEHOLD!
YOU AGAIN! I'LL CUT YOUR THROAT FOR THIS!
BUT TORO QUICKLY TURNS ON HIS FLAME . .
SURPRISE!
THIS'LL SINGE YOUR WHISKERS!
HELP!

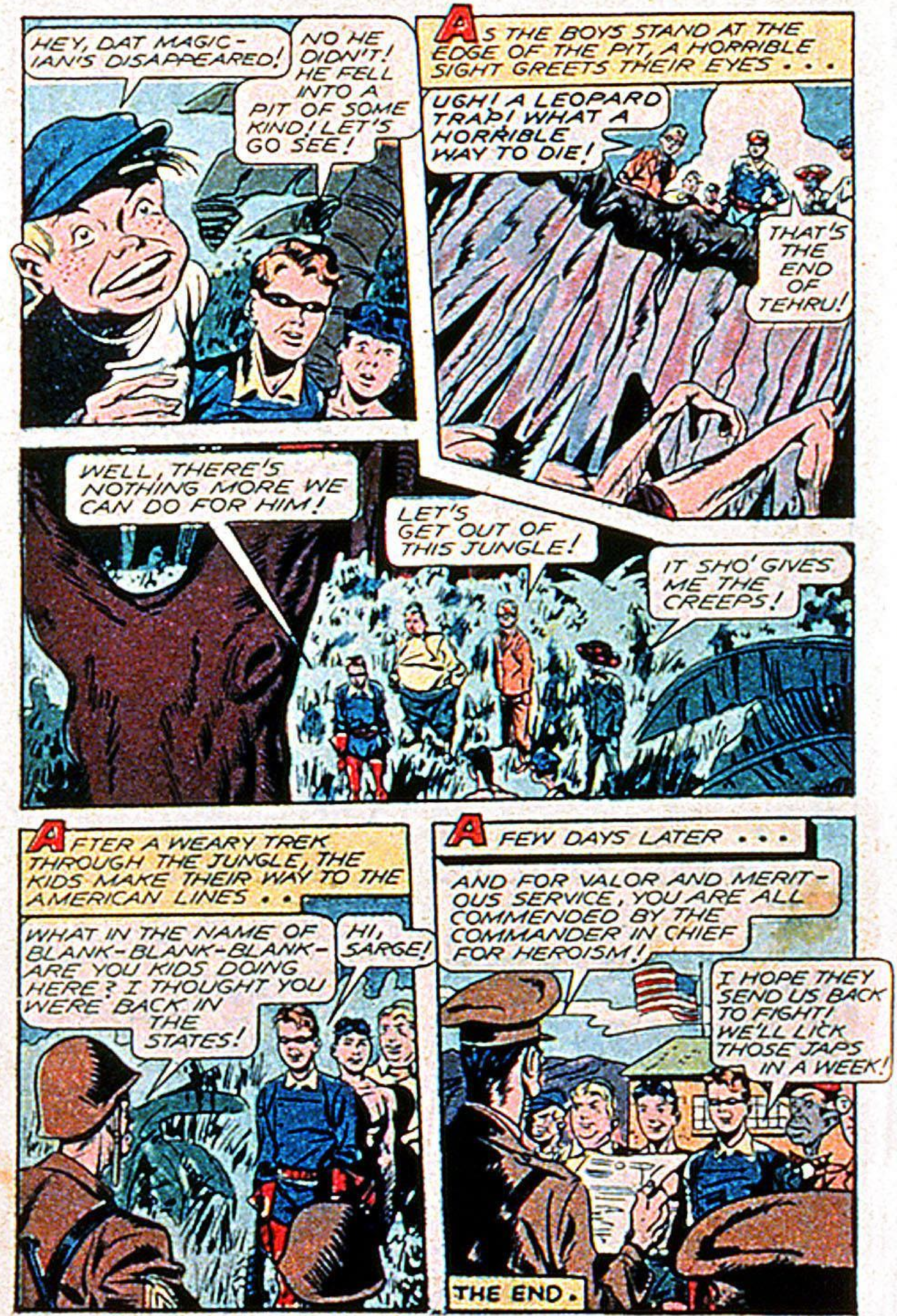

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER III
MASS MURDER by MAGIC!
BUT HAVE THE YOUNG ALLIES REALLY DEFEATED THE FIENDISH FAKIR, NOW --- OR CAN THE MYSTERIOUS WORKINGS OF A SUPER-MONSTER'S OTHER WORLD MAGIC STILL GIVE THE CRAFTY JAPS STRANGE POWER TO STOP THE YANK INVASION FOREVER...
THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES JOIN THE FIGHT..
YOU DON'T MIND IF I HAVE A CRACK AT YOUR PET HERE, DO YOU, TORO?
YOU'RE WELCOME TO HIM!
HEY! I AIN'T FINISHED WIT HIM YET!
I JUST THOUGHT I'D TAKE THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS!


AS THE KIDS MAUL TEHRU'S THUGS, EMISSARIES SENT TO TEHRU FROM THE JAP LINES IN BURMA, COME UPON THE SCENE . . .
IT IS TEHRU! WHAT IS THIS? WHO ARE THE CURSED BOYS? SEIZE THEM!
DO NOT MOVE OR YOU DIE!
MY FRIENDS, I FEAR YOU HAVE COME TOO LATE! THESE YOUNG FIENDS HAVE DESTROYED THE CONFIDENCE OF THE RAJIS TRIBESMEN IN MY MAGIC! THEY WILL NOT COME OVER TO MY SIDE--!
WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! THE RAJIS ARE IMPRESSED WITH THE BOYS --- THEY MAY ATTACK US!
OBVIOUSLY TEHUR'S USEFULLNESS TO JAPANESE IS AT AN END! TAKE BOYS BACK WITH US TO USE AS HOSTAGES, AGAINST AMERICANS!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE TRUSSED UP BOYS ARE TAKEN AWAY IN JAP TRUCKS . . . . .
WELL, WE WANTED TO GET UP TO THE FRONT LINES, DIDN'T WE?
LATER, AT A JAPANENSE FIELD HEADQUARTERS ON THE BURMA BORDER . .
COLONEL SAKIOMO! YOU HERE!
YES-S-S, TEHRU, AND I ALREADY KNOW OF YOUR BUNGLING OF YOUR TASK!
PLEASE, COLONEL, I KNOW HOW STRICT YOU ARE--BUT THESE CURSED BOYS--THEY RUINED ALL MY PLANS!
WE SHOW NO MERCY TO BUNGLERS, TEHRU!
GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE, COLONEL! I WILL SHOW YOU! I HAVE A PLAN TO FOOL THE AMERICANS SO THAT WE CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK AND DESTROY THEM!


HERE ARE THE AMERICAN LINES! WE CAN BREAK THROUGH HERE IF WE CAN MAKE THEM BELIEVE AN ATTACK IS COMING FROM ANOTHER QUARTER! I WILL CREATE AN ILLUSION THAT WILL MEAN THEIR DOOM!
WELL, I WILL GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE, BUT IF YOU FAIL--
I HAVE AN IDEA!
HOPE THE NIPS DON'T SEE ME! TEHRU'S GOING TO PULL THAT STUNT! HE'LL PROBABLY DO IT WITH MIRRORS AND THIS KIT MIGHT BE WHERE HE KEEPS THEM!
I ONCE TOOK A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MAGIC! IF I WET THE MIRRORS THIS WAY, I THINK TEHRU WILL SUCCEED ONLY IN SHOWING THE AMERICANS THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE JAPS ARE COMING THROUGH, INSTEAD OF FOOLING THE YANKS!
HURRY, JEFF! THEY'RE STILL AT THE MAP!
A FEW MINUTES LATER --- AS TEHRU ATTEMPTS HIS MAGIC MASTERPIECE, THE JAP TROOPS STAND READY TO ATTACK . . .
THESE MIRRORS WILL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE JAPANESE ARE ATTACKING FROM A DIFFERENT POINT THAN THEY REALLY ARE!
I AM GIVING YOU BOYS AN OPPORTUNITY TO WATCH YOUR COUNTRYMEN SLAUGHTERED!
OH, YEAH DAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
THE JAP OFFICER GIVES THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK . . .
ATTACK!
I HOPE THOSE MIRRORS ARE FIXED RIGHT!


MEANWHILE—IN THE AMERICAN LINES....
THE NIPS! I HOPE THEY DON'T THINK THEY'RE SURPRISING US COMING OUT LIKE THAT! LET 'EM HAVE IT!
THE JAPS ARE MET BY A WITHERING BLAST OF CONCENTRATED FIRE AND ARE MOWED DOWN BY THE DOZENS....
MEANWHILE..
OUR MEN ARE BEING SLAUGHTERED! BUNGLING AGAIN! NOW I SHALL HAVE TO COMMIT HARA-KIRI!
GOSH! HE KILLED HIMSELF!
THE KIDS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION!...
HERE'S OUR CHANCE, GUYS! GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!


SOMETHING IS WRONG! THE AMERICAN'S KNOW WHERE THE JAPANESE ARE! MY ILLUSION WAS NOT CREATED! I HAVE FAILED!
MEANWHILE.
OUT OF THE WAY, GOGGLE EYES! WE'RE GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!
HEY, FELLAS, LOOK! THERE GOES DAT PHONEY MAGICIAN!
C'MON, GANG! LET'S GET HIM! INTELLIGENCE COULD QUESTION HIM FOR INFORMATION!
THE CHASE SOON LEADS INTO THE DENSE BURMESE JUNGLE.
I MUST GET AWAY OR I AM DOOMED!
SUDDENLY, THE GROUND BENEATH THE MAGICIAN GIVES WAY . . .
I MUST--- AGGGH!


HEY, DAT MAGICIAN'S DISAPPEARED!
NO HE DIDN'T! HE FELL INTO A PIT OF SOME KIND! LET'S GO SEE!
AS THE BOYS STAND AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT, A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREETS THEIR EYES . . .
UGH! A LEOPARD TRAP! WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE!
THAT'S THE END OF TEHRU!
WELL, THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO FOR HIM!
LET'S GET OUT OF THIS JUNGLE!
IT SHO' GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
AFTER A WEARY TREK THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THE KIDS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE AMERICAN LINES . .
WHAT IN THE NAME OF BLANK-BLANK-BLANK-ARE YOU KIDS DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE BACK IN THE STATES!
HI, SARGE!
A FEW DAYS LATER . . .
AND FOR VALOR AND MERITOUS SERVICE, YOU ARE ALL COMMENDED BY THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF FOR HEROISM!
I HOPE THEY SEND US BACK TO FIGHT! WE'LL LICK THOSE JAPS IN A WEEK!
THE END.

TEEN-AGE GIRLS!!! Enter the MISS America MAGAZINE Contest!!

$1000 in Cash Prizes

ANYONE CAN WIN!

Thrilling news... The Publisher of CAPTAIN AMERICA, MARVEL COMICS, THE HUMAN TORCH, TERRY TOONS, SUBMARINER, and many, many other exciting magazines, including the glamorous SCREEN STARS, is making magazine history with his newest, most important publication—MISS AMERICA.

Girls, DON'T MISS the MOST WONDERFUL MAGAZINE ever to hit the newsstands; it is a magazine FOR GIRLS ONLY—teen-age girls.

It is the magazine you have been waiting for, longing for.

■ WHAT ARE SOME OF THE FEATURES IN MISS AMERICA? HOLD YOUR BREATH!

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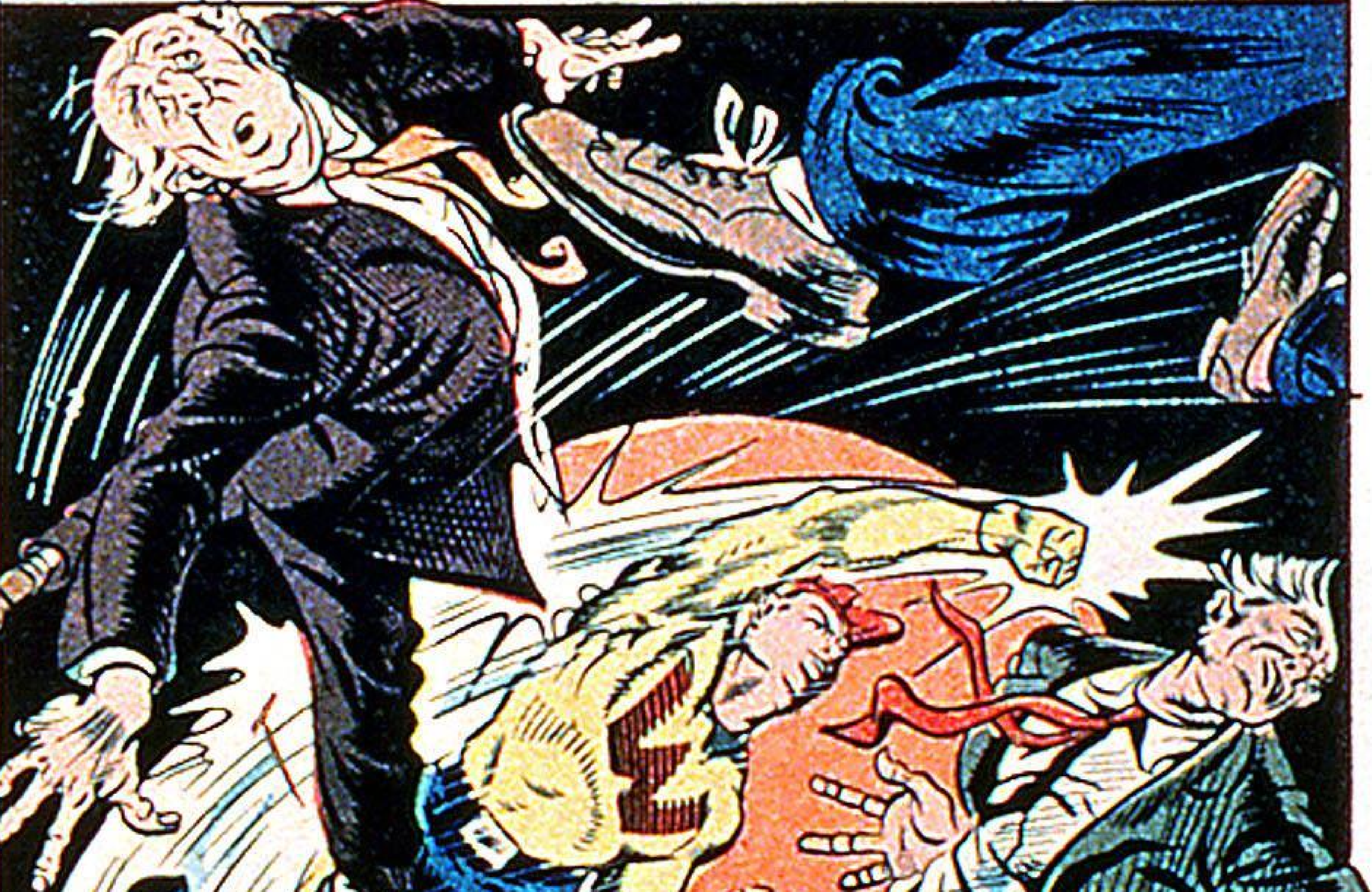
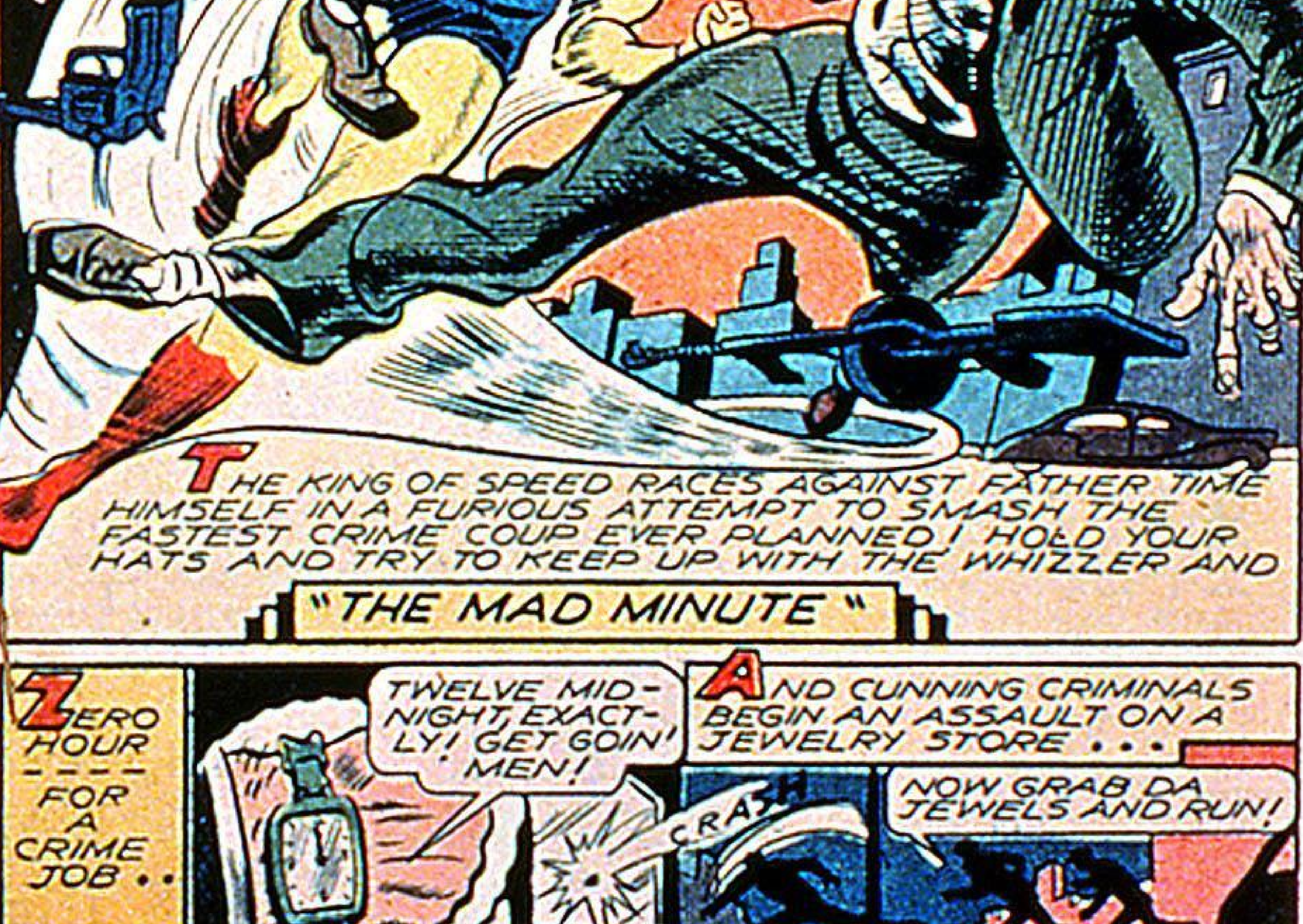
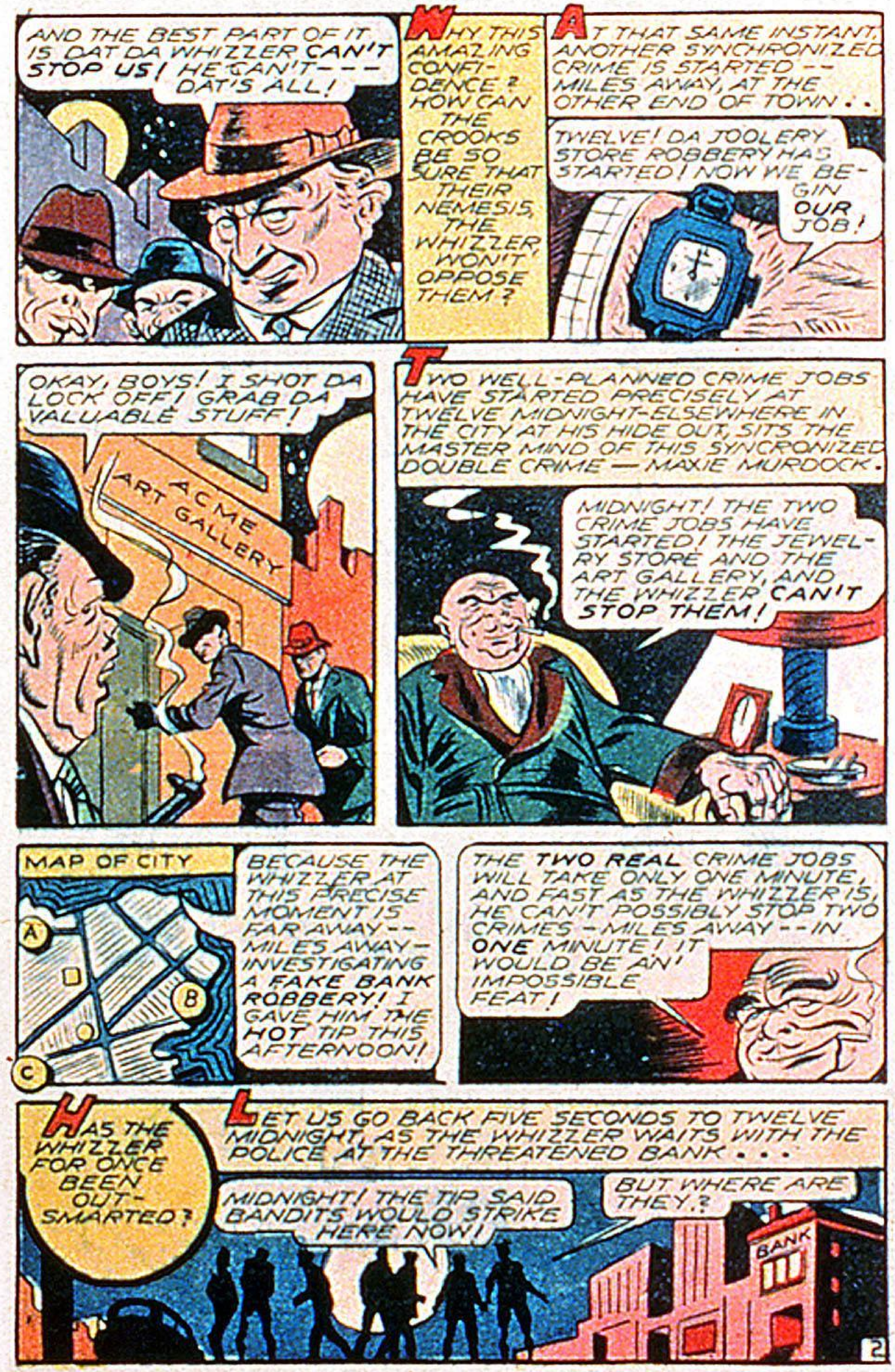
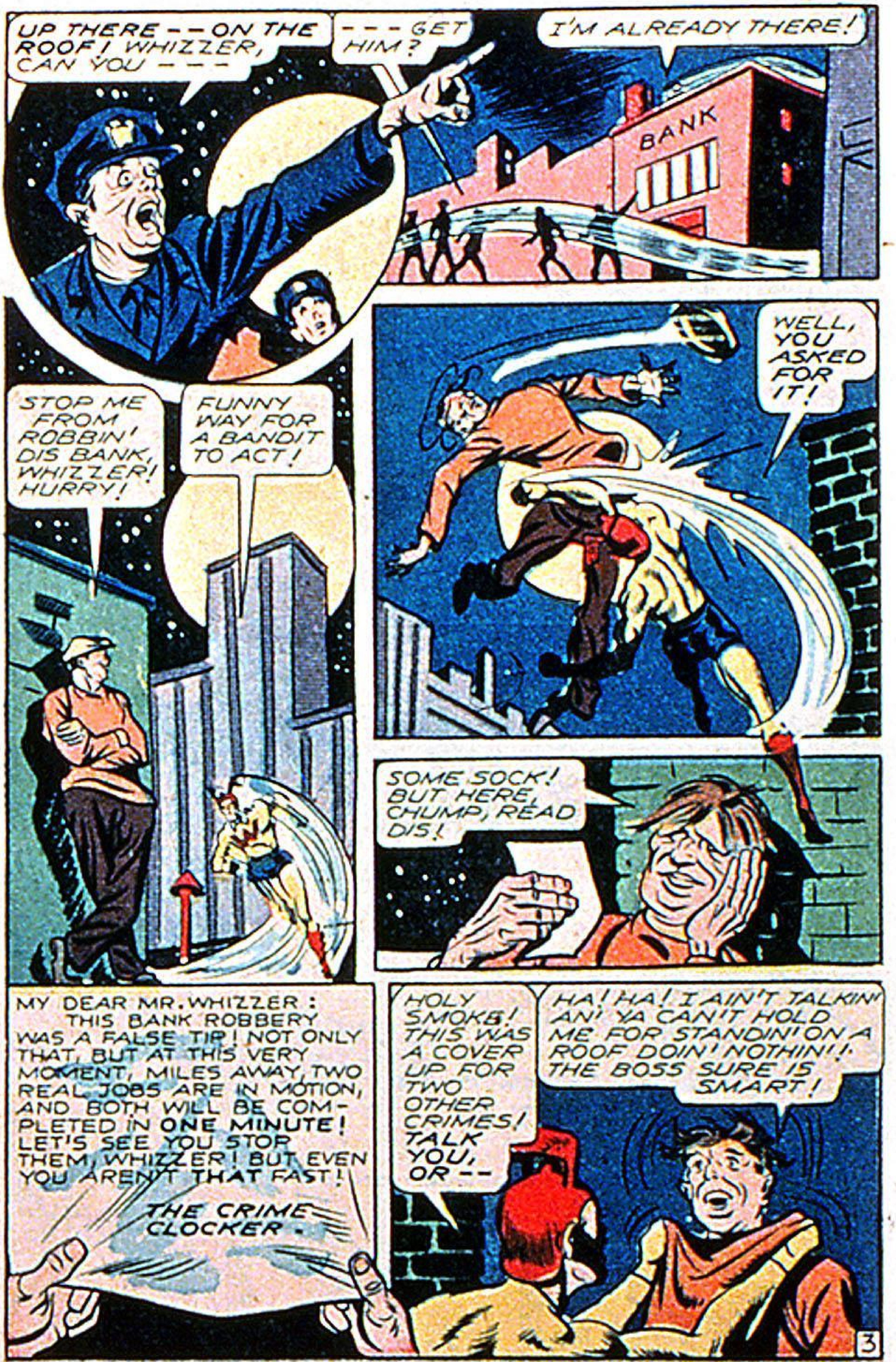
The WHIZZER

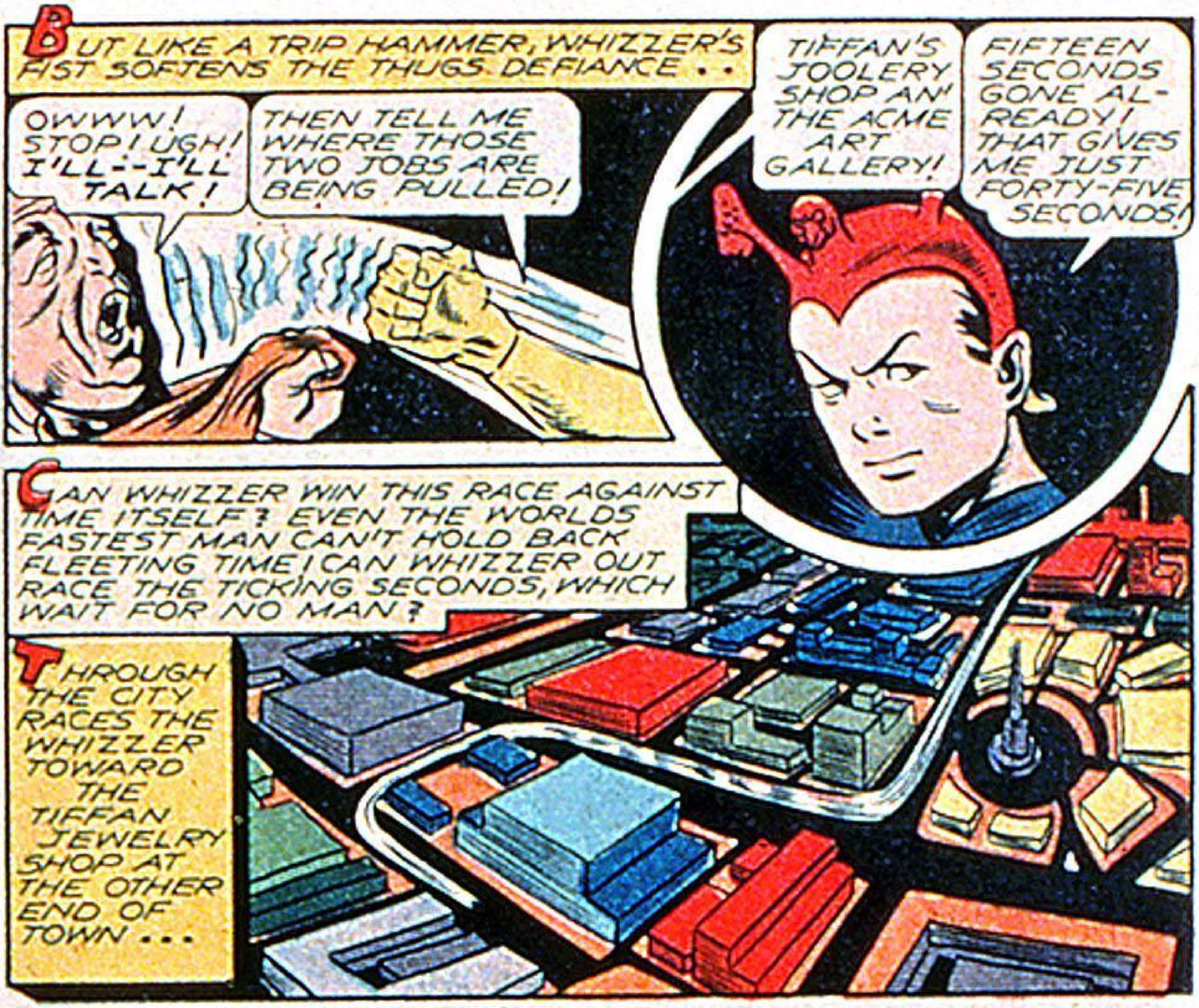

THE KING OF SPEED RACES AGAINST FATHER TIME HIMSELF IN A FURIOUS ATTEMPT TO SMASH THE FASTEST CRIME COUP EVER PLANNED! HOLD YOUR HATS AND TRY TO KEEP UP WITH THE WHIZZER AND

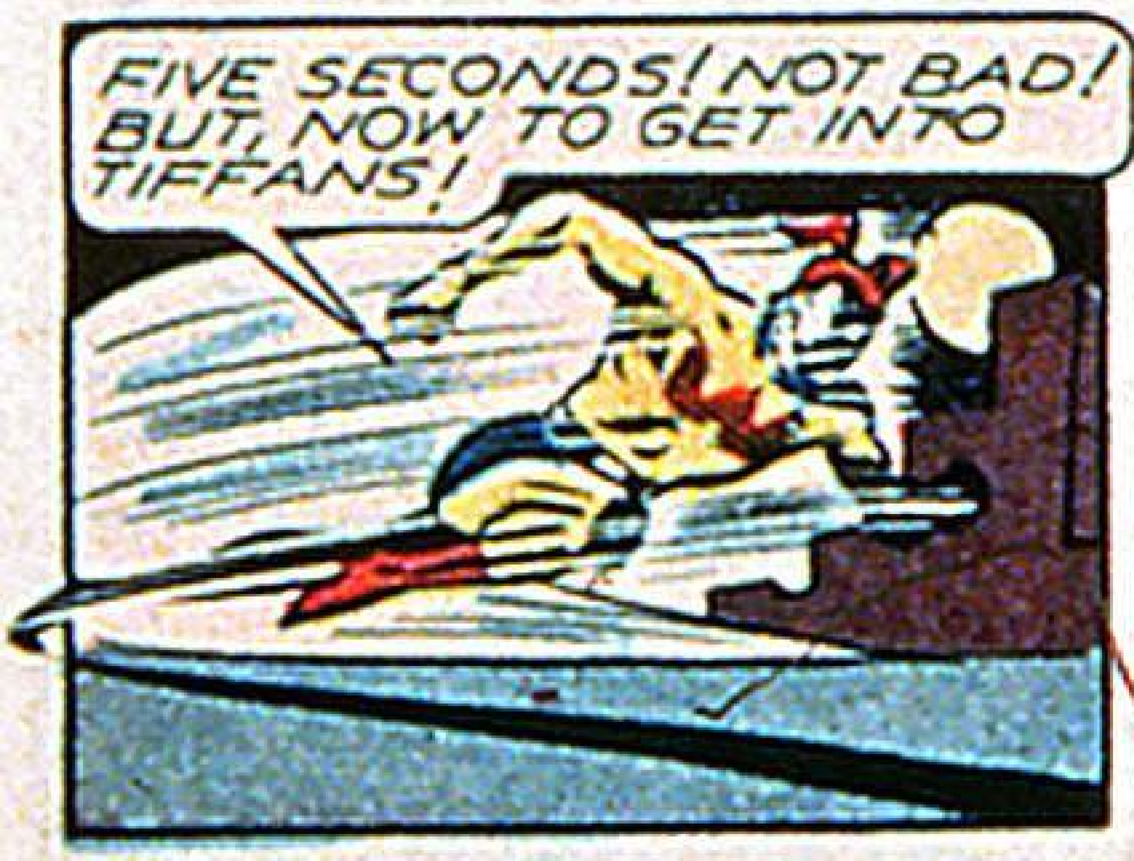
"THE MAD MINUTE"

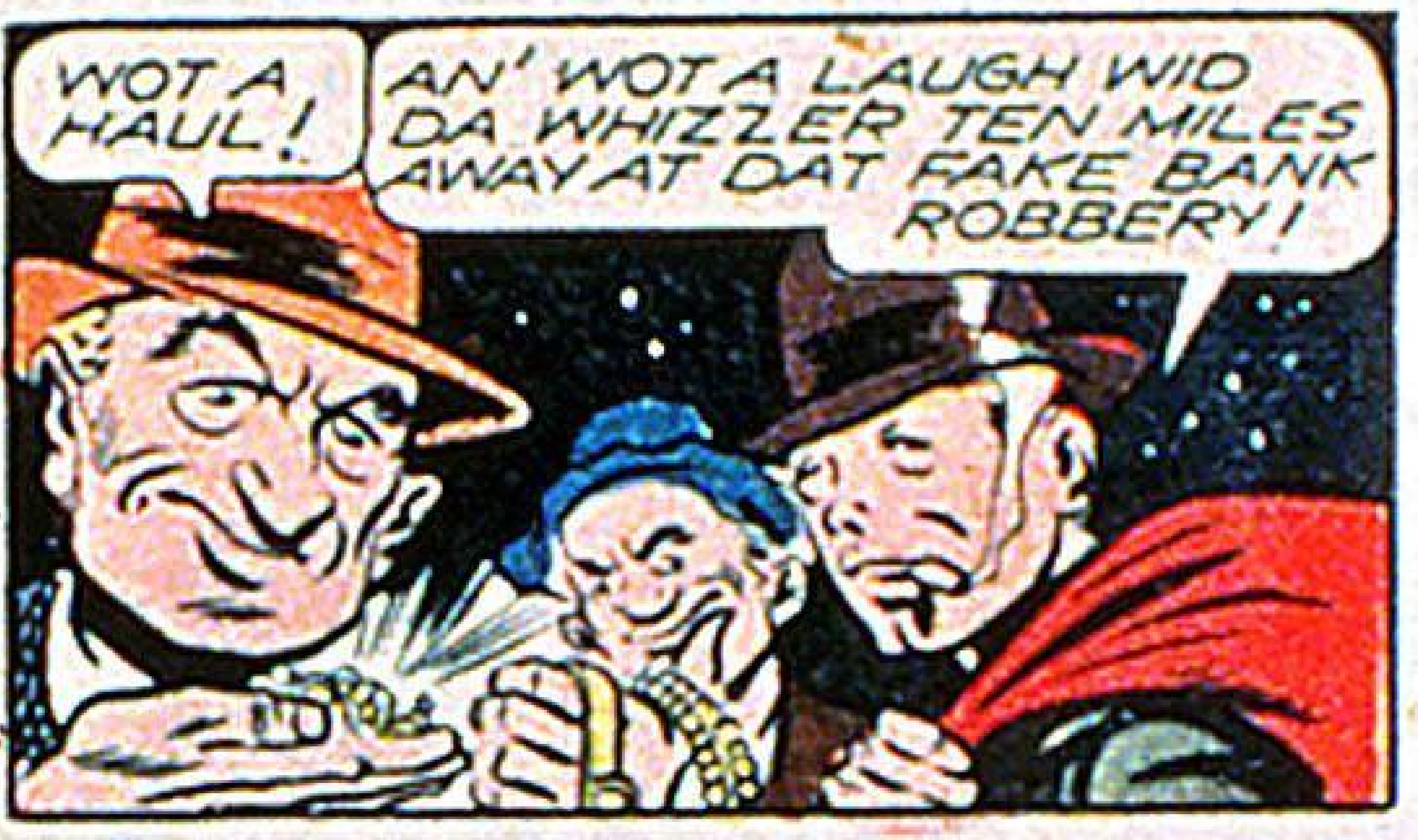

ZERO HOUR ---- FOR A CRIME JOB ..
TWELVE MID-NIGHT, EXACTLY! GET GOIN' MEN!
AND CUNNING CRIMINALS BEGIN AN ASSAULT ON A JEWELRY STORE . . .
CRASH
NOW GRAB DA JEWELS AND RUN!

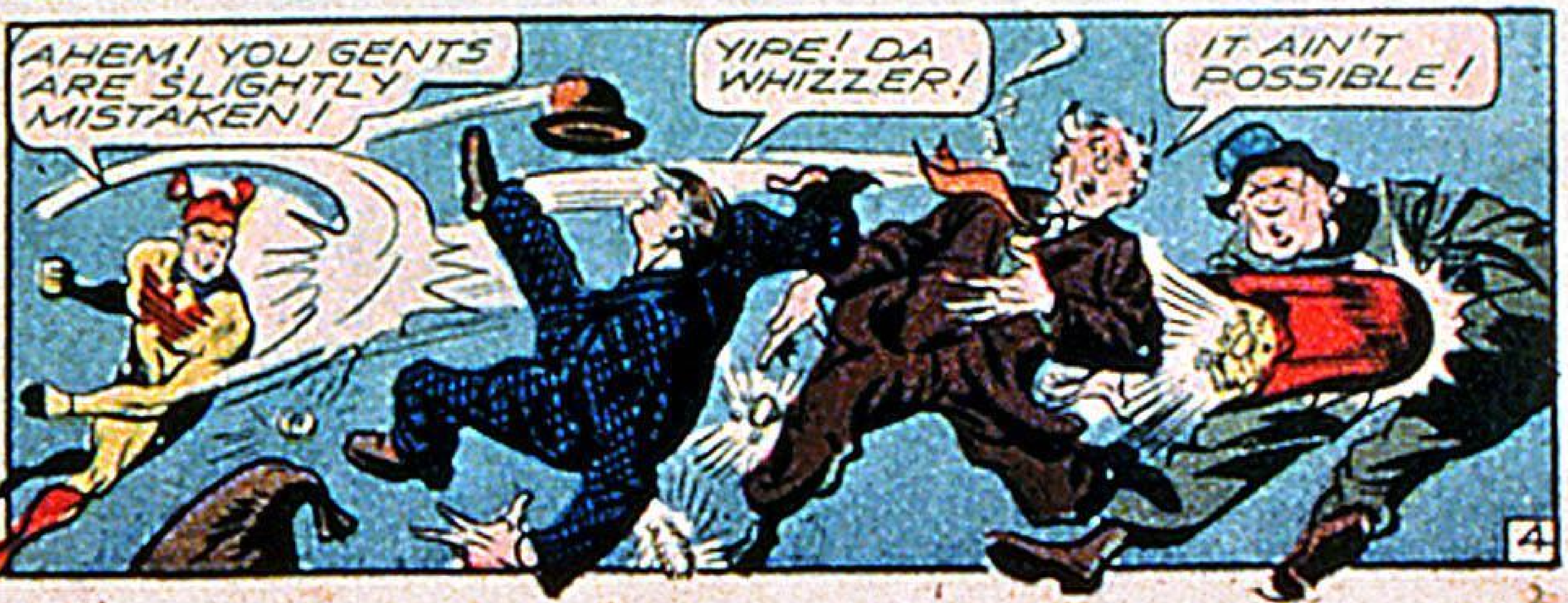

AND THE BEST PART OF IT IS DAT DA WHIZZER CAN'T STOP US! HE CAN'T--- DAT'S ALL!
WHY THIS AMAZING CONFIDENCE? HOW CAN THE CROOKS BE SO SURE THAT THEIR NEMESIS, THE WHIZZER, WON'T OPPOSE THEM?
AT THAT SAME INSTANT, ANOTHER SYNCHRONIZED CRIME IS STARTED -- MILES AWAY, AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN . .
TWELVE! DA JOOLERY STORE ROBBERY HAS STARTED! NOW WE BEGIN OUR JOB!
OKAY, BOYS! I SHOT DA LOCK OFF! GRAB DA VALUABLE STUFF!
ACME ART GALLERY
TWO WELL-PLANNED CRIME JOBS HAVE STARTED PRECISELY AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT-ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY AT HIS HIDE OUT, SITS THE MASTER MIND OF THIS SYNCRONIZED DOUBLE CRIME — MAXIE MURDOCK.
MIDNIGHT! THE TWO CRIME JOBS HAVE STARTED! THE JEWELRY STORE AND THE ART GALLERY, AND THE WHIZZER CAN'T STOP THEM!
MAP OF CITY
A
B
C
BECAUSE THE WHIZZER AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT IS FAR AWAY-- MILES AWAY— INVESTIGATING A FAKE BANK ROBBERY! I GAVE HIM THE HOT TIP THIS AFTERNOON!
THE TWO REAL CRIME JOBS WILL TAKE ONLY ONE MINUTE, AND FAST AS THE WHIZZER IS, HE CAN'T POSSIBLY STOP TWO CRIMES - MILES AWAY -- IN ONE MINUTE! IT WOULD BE AN' IMPOSSIBLE FEAT!
HAS THE WHIZZER FOR ONCE BEEN OUT-SMARTED?
LET US GO BACK FIVE SECONDS TO TWELVE MIDNIGHT, AS THE WHIZZER WAITS WITH THE POLICE AT THE THREATENED BANK . . .
MIDNIGHT! THE TIP SAID BANDITS WOULD STRIKE HERE NOW!
BUT WHERE ARE THEY.?
BANK
2

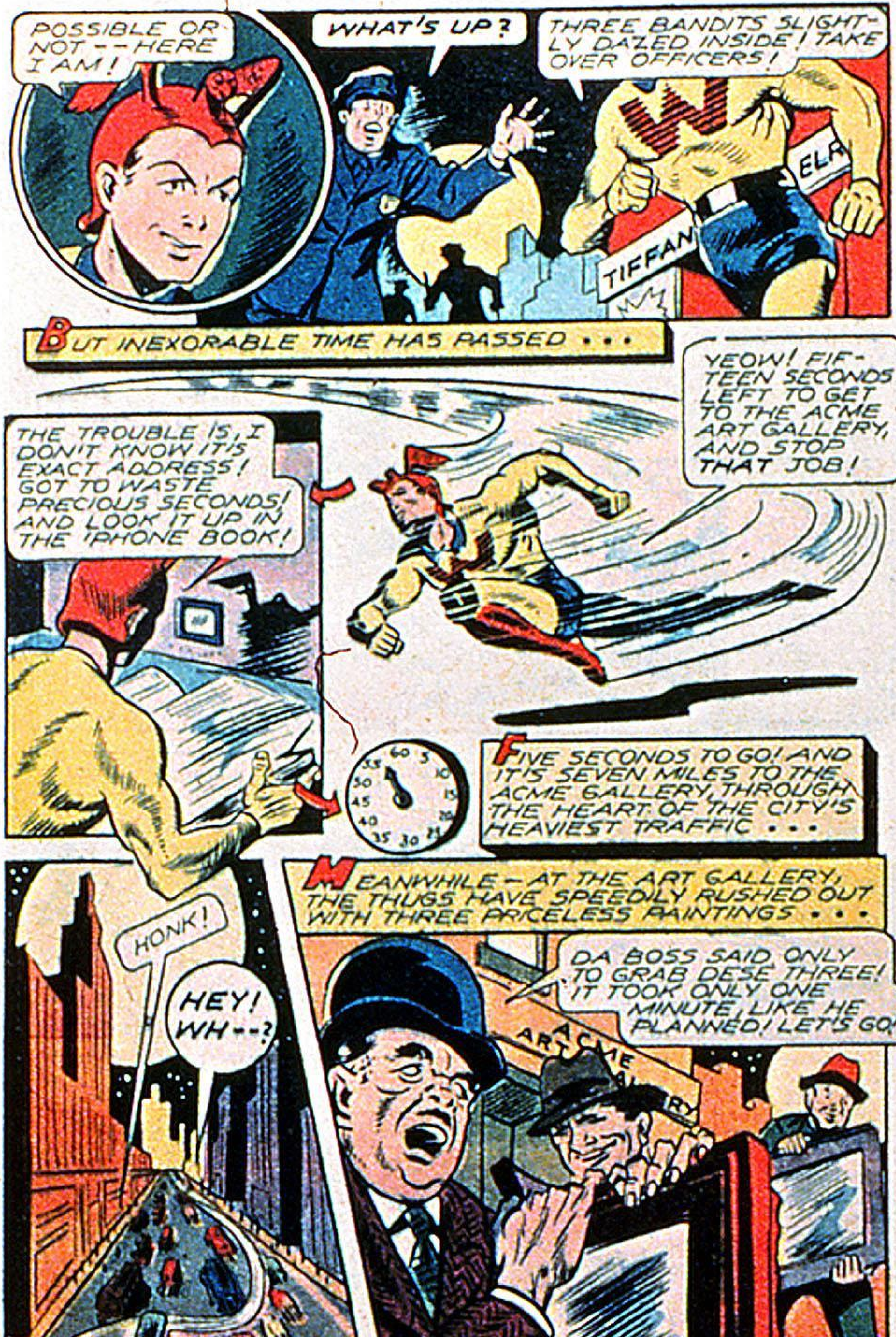

UP THERE -- ON THE ROOF! WHIZZER, CAN YOU ---
--- GET HIM?
I'M ALREADY THERE!
BANK
STOP ME FROM ROBBIN' DIS BANK, WHIZZER! HURRY!
FUNNY WAY FOR A BANDIT TO ACT!
WELL, YOU ASKED FOR IT!
SOME SOCK! BUT HERE, CHUMP, READ DIS!
MY DEAR MR. WHIZZER: THIS BANK ROBBERY WAS A FALSE TIP! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT, MILES AWAY, TWO REAL JOBS ARE IN MOTION, AND BOTH WILL BE COMPLETED IN **ONE MINUTE**! LET'S SEE YOU STOP THEM, WHIZZER! BUT EVEN YOU AREN'T **THAT** FAST! THE CRIME CLOCKER.
HOLY SMOKE! THIS WAS A COVER UP FOR TWO OTHER CRIMES! TALK YOU, OR --
HA! HA! I AIN'T TALKIN' AN' YA CAN'T HOLD ME FOR STANDIN' ON A ROOF DOIN' NOTHIN'! THE BOSS SURE IS SMART!

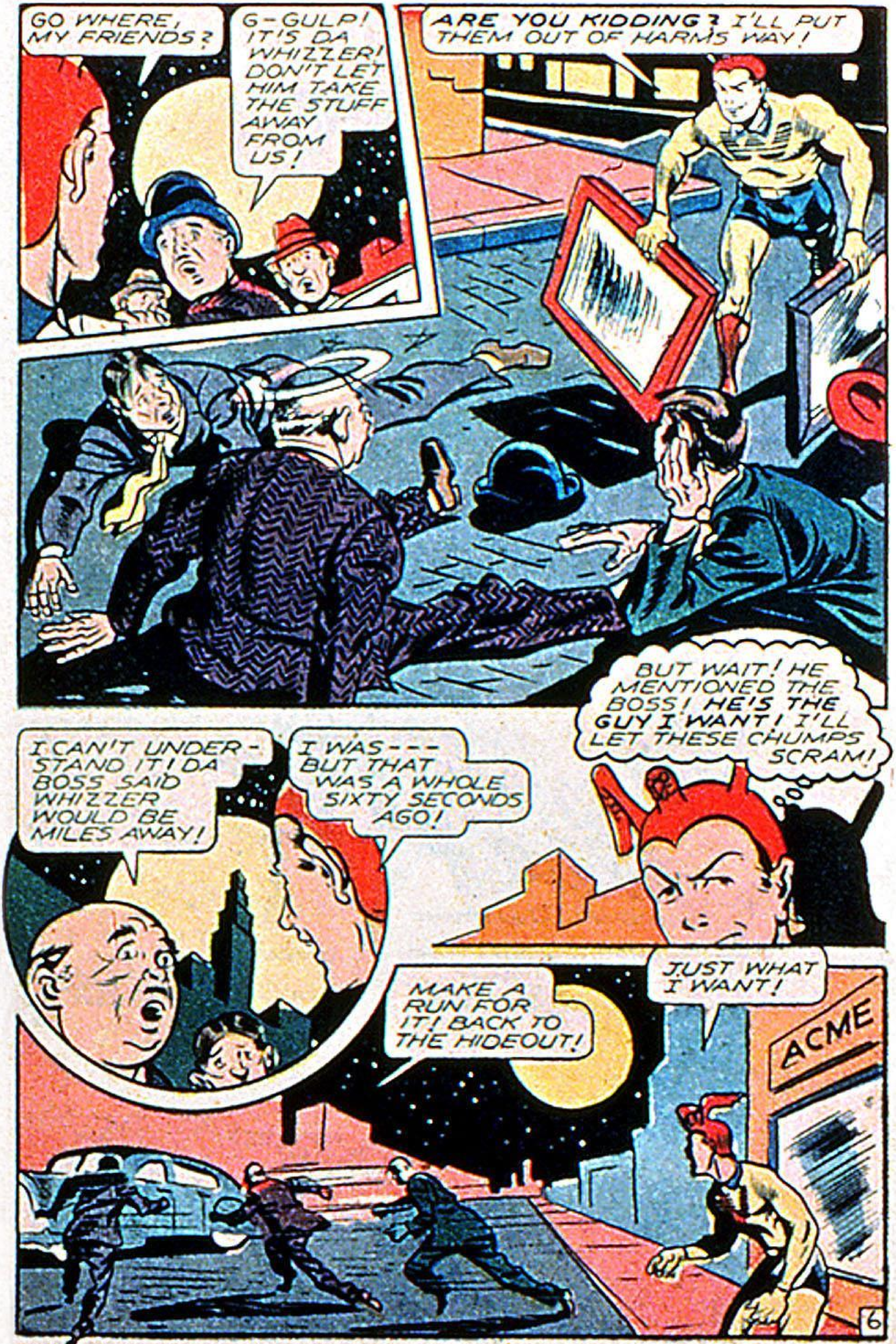

BUT LIKE A TRIP HAMMER, WHIZZER'S FIST SOFTENS THE THUGS DEFIANCE . .
OWWW! STOP! UGH! I'LL--I'LL TALK!
THEN TELL ME WHERE THOSE TWO JOBS ARE BEING PULLED!
TIFFAN'S JOOLERY SHOP AN' THE ACME ART GALLERY!
FIFTEEN SECONDS GONE AL-READY! THAT GIVES ME JUST FORTY-FIVE SECONDS!
CAN WHIZZER WIN THIS RACE AGAINST TIME ITSELF? EVEN THE WORLDS FASTEST MAN CAN'T HOLD BACK FLEETING TIME! CAN WHIZZER OUT RACE THE TICKING SECONDS, WHICH WAIT FOR NO MAN?
THROUGH THE CITY RACES THE WHIZZER TOWARD THE TIFFAN JEWELRY SHOP AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN . . .

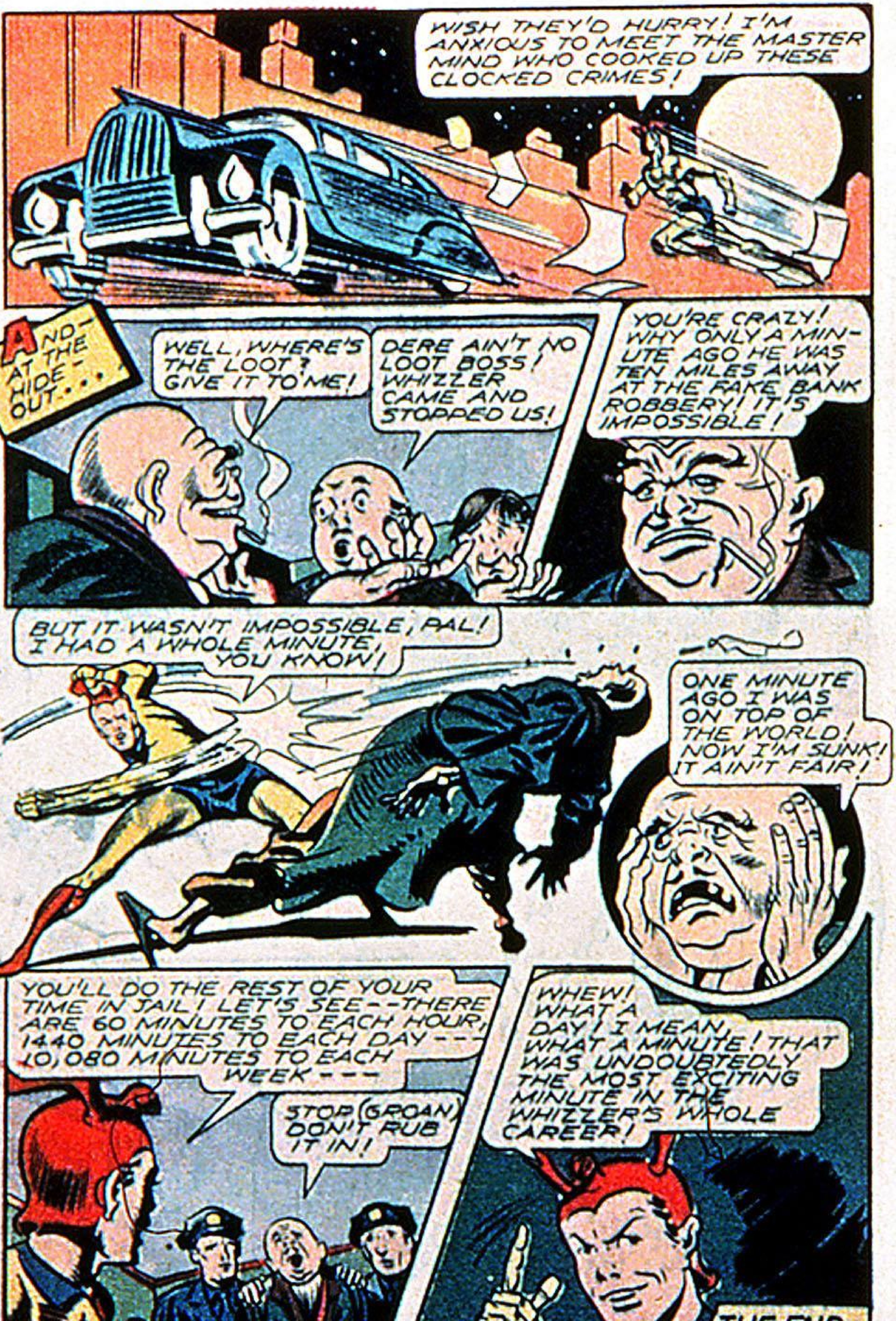

FIVE SECONDS! NOT BAD! BUT, NOW TO GET INTO TIFFANS!

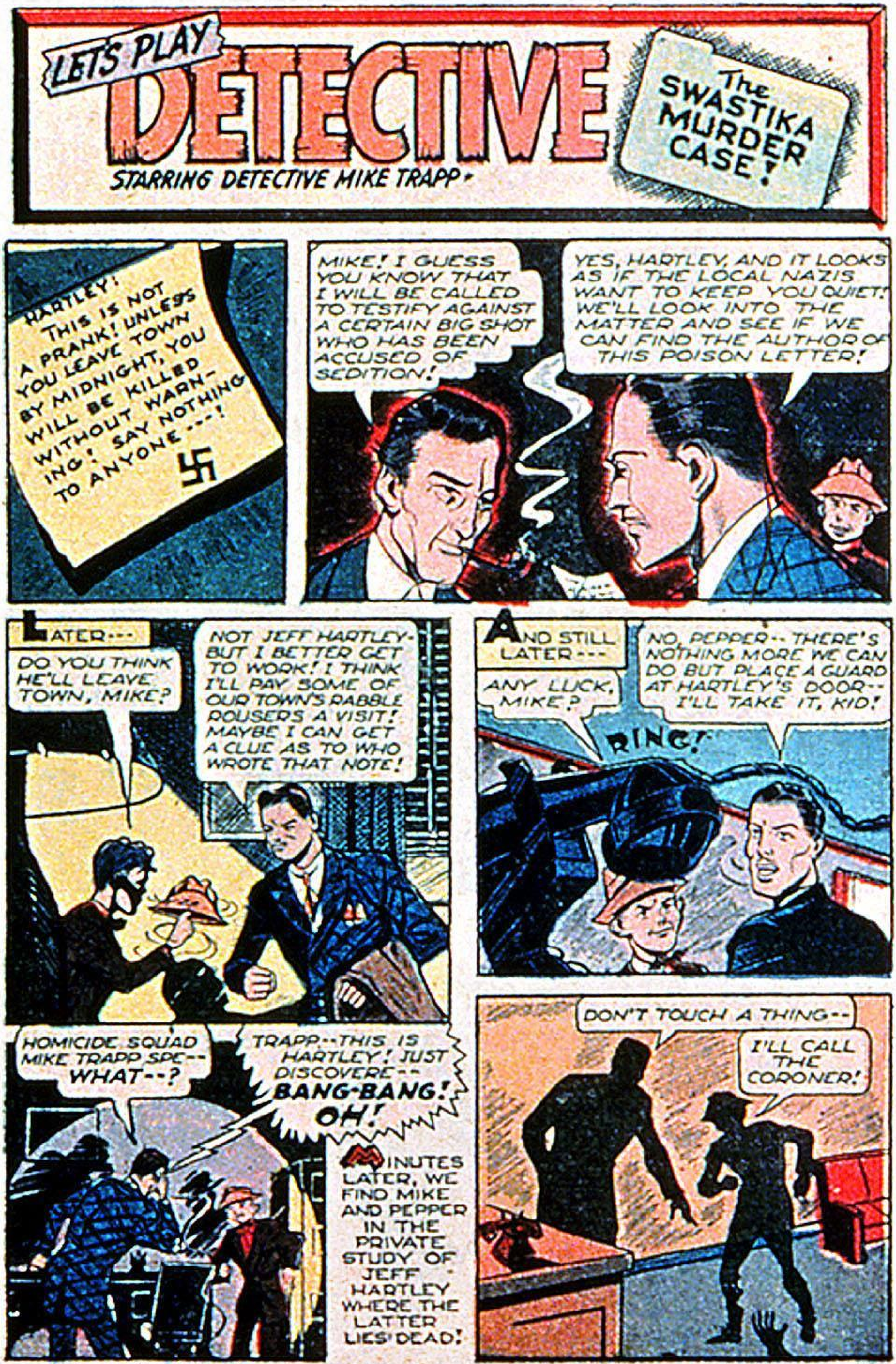

WOT A HAUL!
AN' WOT A LAUGH WID DA WHIZZER TEN MILES AWAY AT DAT FAKE BANK ROBBERY!

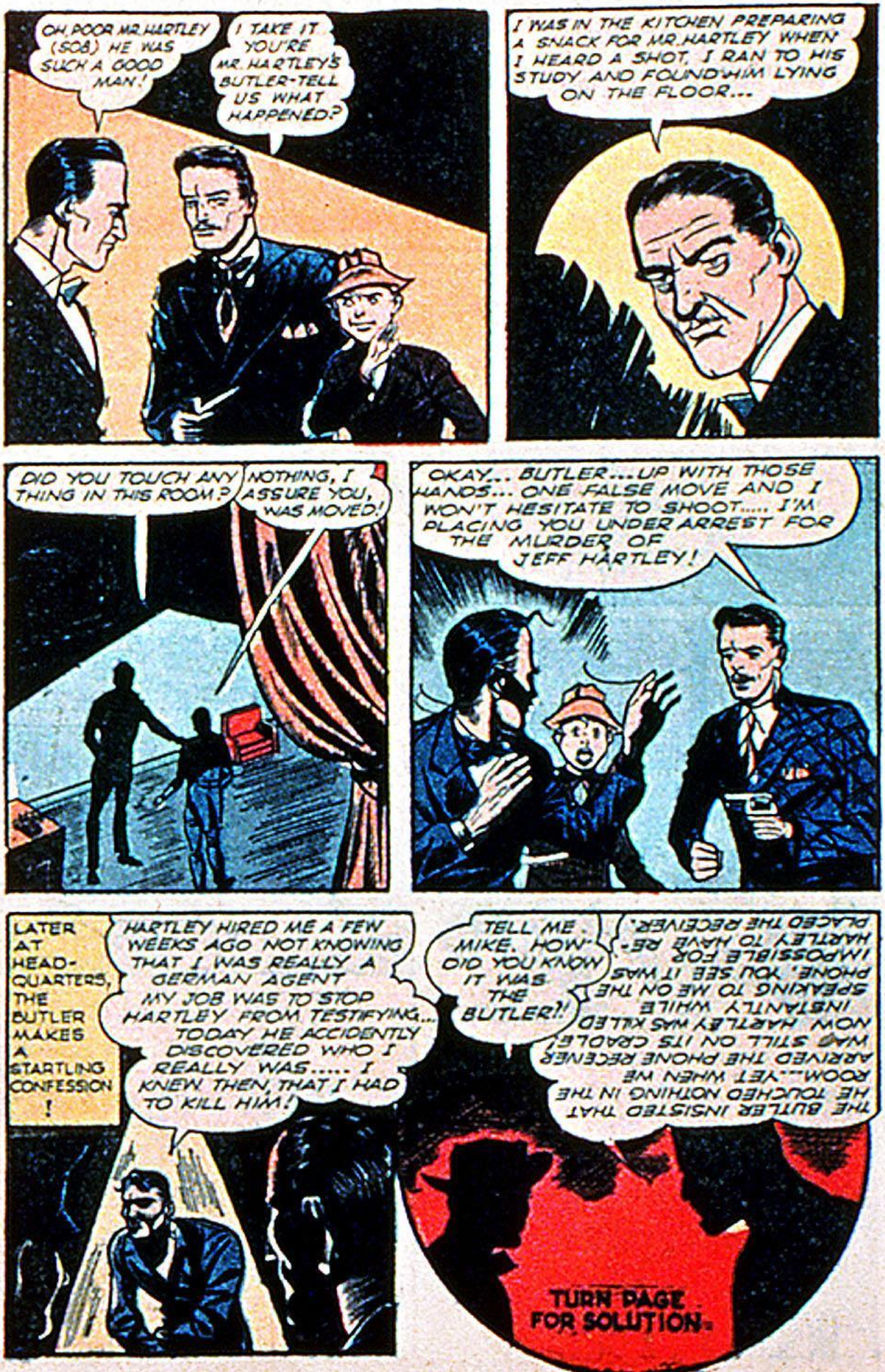

AHEM! YOU GENTS ARE SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN!
YIPE! DA WHIZZER!
IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

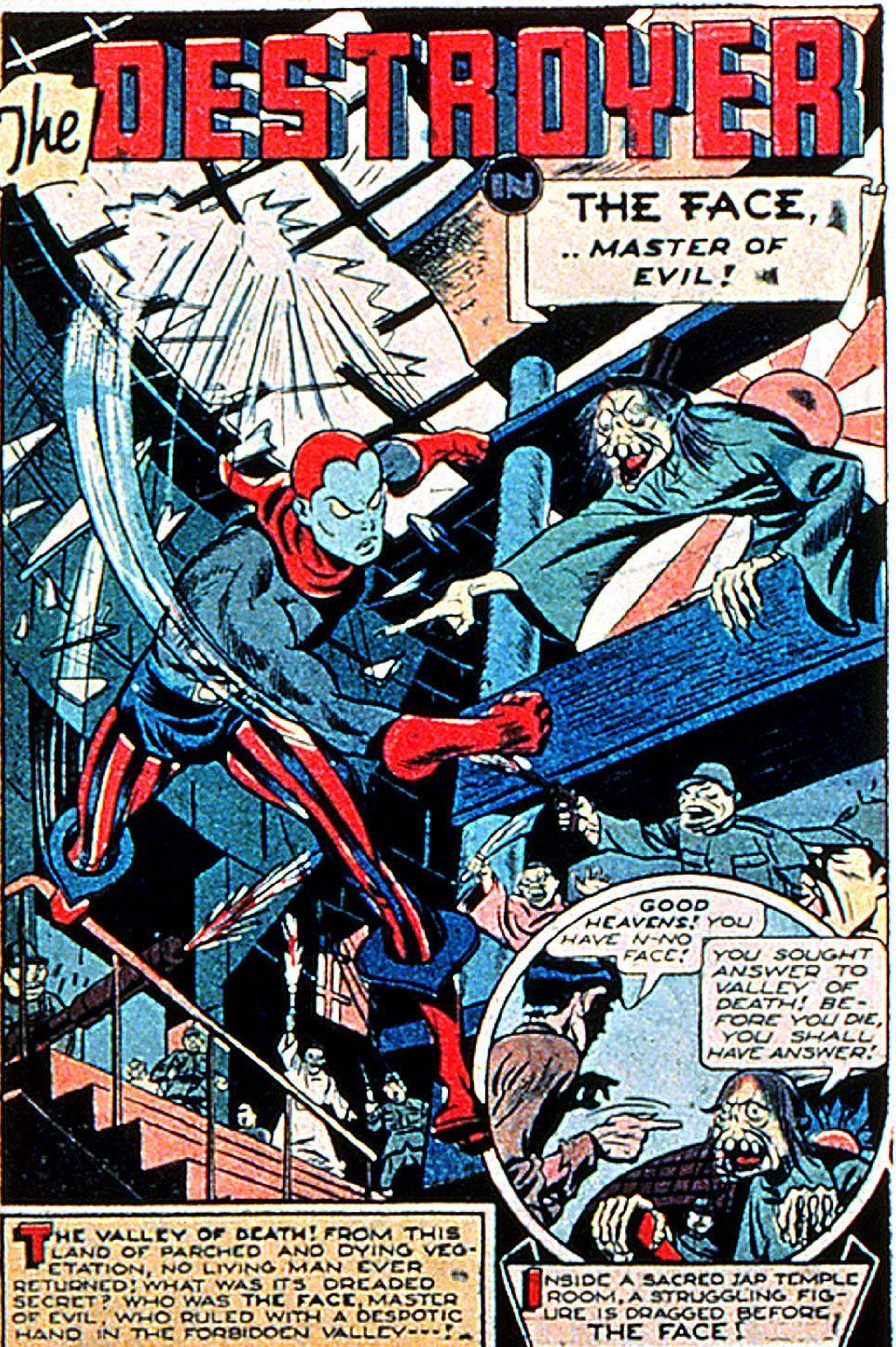

POSSIBLE OR NOT --HERE I AM!
WHAT'S UP?
THREE BANDITS SLIGHTLY DAZED INSIDE! TAKE OVER OFFICERS!
TIFFAN
W
ELR
BUT INEXORABLE TIME HAS PASSED ...
YEOW! FIFTEEN SECONDS LEFT TO GET TO THE ACME ART GALLERY, AND STOP THAT JOB!
THE TROUBLE IS, I DON'T KNOW IT'S EXACT ADDRESS! GOT TO WASTE PRECIOUS SECONDS! AND LOOK IT UP IN THE 'PHONE BOOK!
60 5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 55
FIVE SECONDS TO GO! AND IT'S SEVEN MILES TO THE ACME GALLERY, THROUGH THE HEART OF THE CITY'S HEAVIEST TRAFFIC ...
MEANWHILE — AT THE ART GALLERY, THE THUGS HAVE SPEEDILY RUSHED OUT WITH THREE PRICELESS PAINTINGS ...
HONK!
HEY! WH--?
DA BOSS SAID ONLY TO GRAB DESE THREE! IT TOOK ONLY ONE MINUTE, LIKE HE PLANNED! LET'S GO!
ACME ART GALLERY

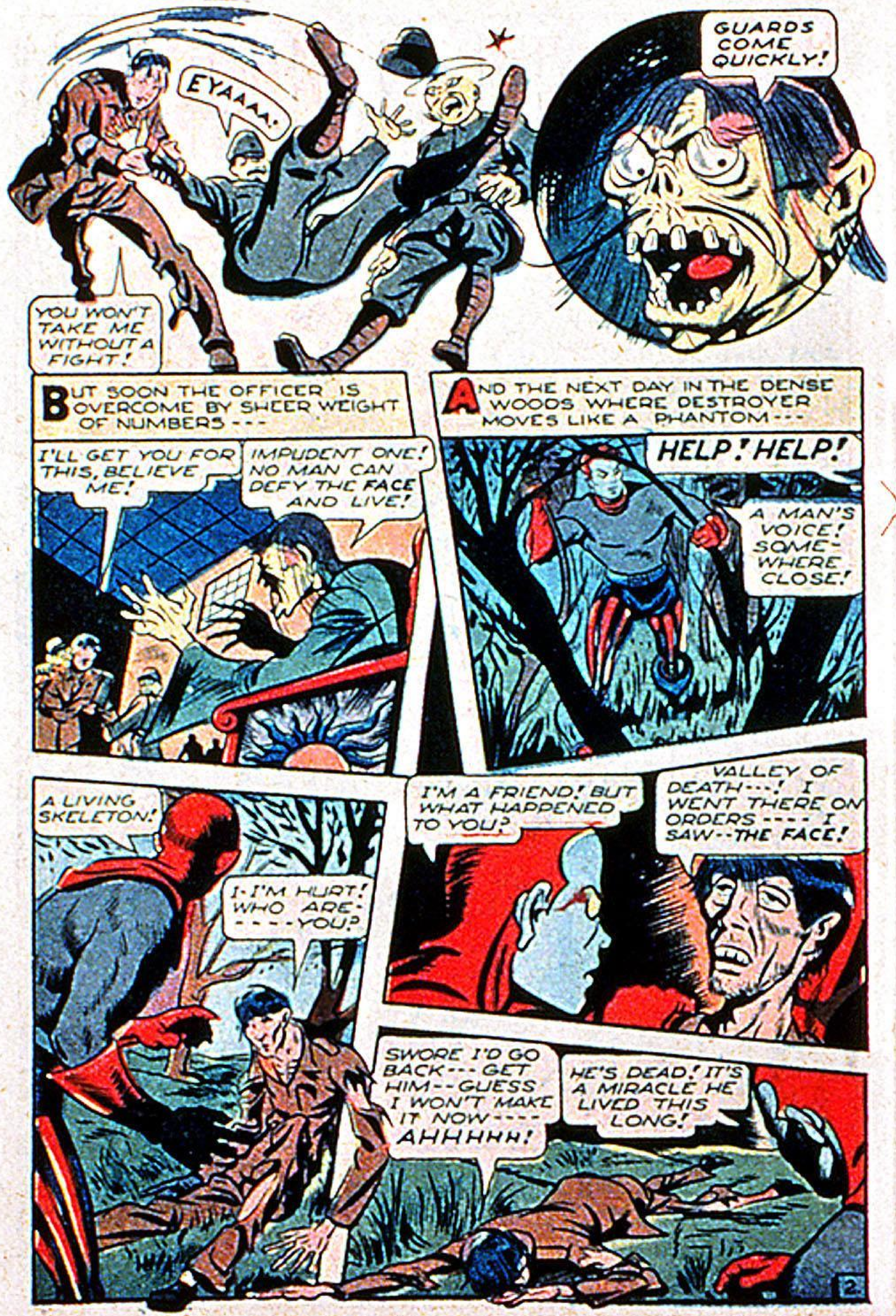

GO WHERE, MY FRIENDS?
G-GULP! IT'S DA WHIZZER! DON'T LET HIM TAKE THE STUFF AWAY FROM US!
ARE YOU KIDDING? I'LL PUT THEM OUT OF HARM'S WAY!
BUT WAIT! HE MENTIONED THE BOSS! HE'S THE GUY I WANT! I'LL LET THESE CHUMPS SCRAM!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! DA BOSS SAID WHIZZER WOULD BE MILES AWAY!
I WAS--- BUT THAT WAS A WHOLE SIXTY SECONDS AGO!
MAKE A RUN FOR IT! BACK TO THE HIDEOUT!
JUST WHAT I WANT!
ACME

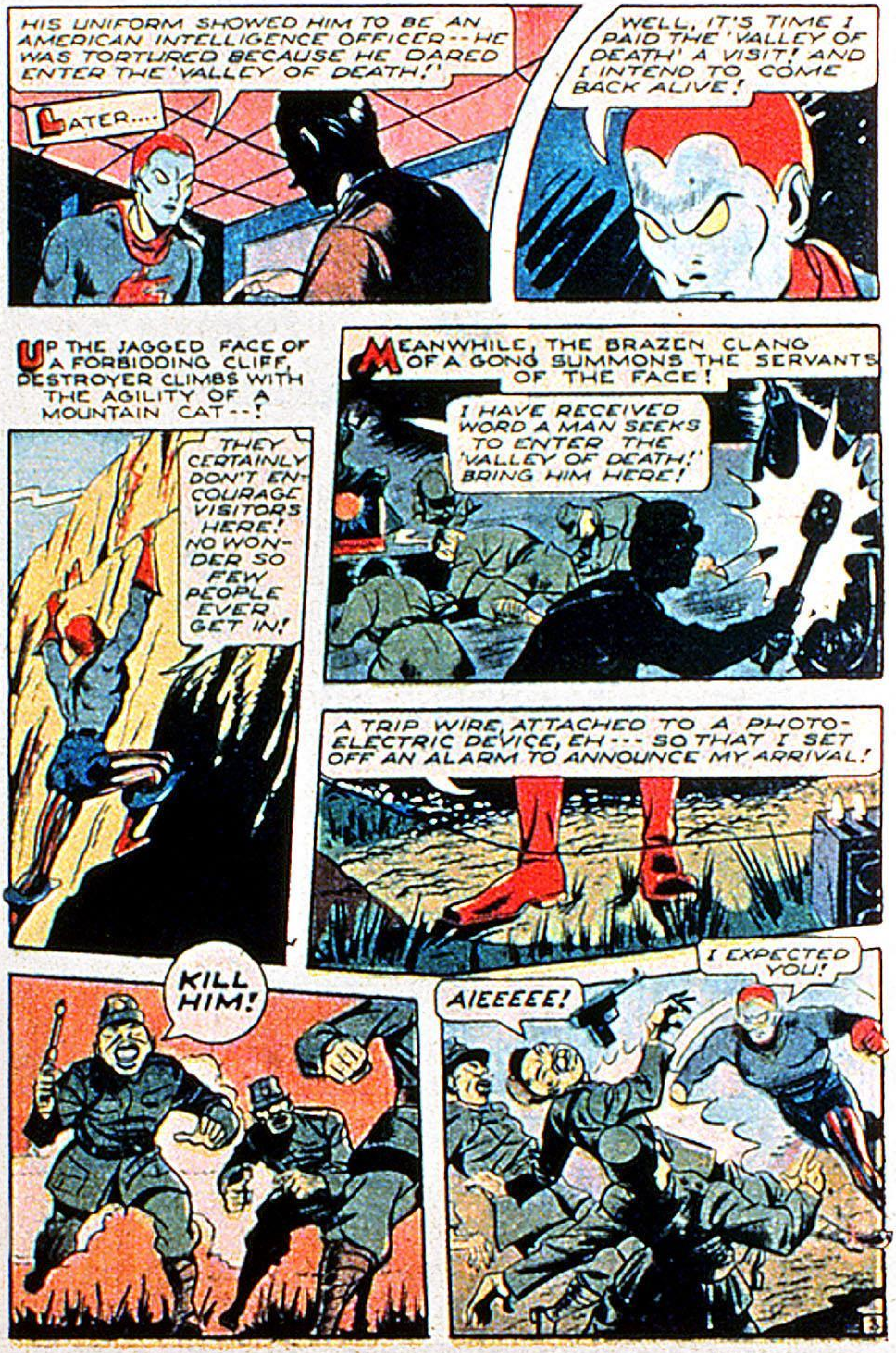

WISH THEY'D HURRY! I'M ANXIOUS TO MEET THE MASTER MIND WHO COOKED UP THESE CLOCKED CRIMES!
AND— AT THE HIDE OUT...
WELL, WHERE'S THE LOOT? GIVE IT TO ME!
DERE AIN'T NO LOOT BOSS! WHIZZER CAME AND STOPPED US!
YOU'RE CRAZY! WHY ONLY A MINUTE AGO HE WAS TEN MILES AWAY AT THE FAKE BANK ROBBERY! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
BUT IT WASN'T IMPOSSIBLE, PAL! I HAD A WHOLE MINUTE, YOU KNOW!
ONE MINUTE AGO I WAS ON TOP OF THE WORLD! NOW I'M SUNK! IT AIN'T FAIR!
YOU'LL DO THE REST OF YOUR TIME IN JAIL! LET'S SEE--THERE ARE 60 MINUTES TO EACH HOUR, 1440 MINUTES TO EACH DAY--- 10,080 MINUTES TO EACH WEEK---
STOP (GROAN) DON'T RUB IT IN!
WHEW! WHAT A DAY! I MEAN, WHAT A MINUTE! THAT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY THE MOST EXCITING MINUTE IN THE WHIZZER'S WHOLE CAREER!
THE END.

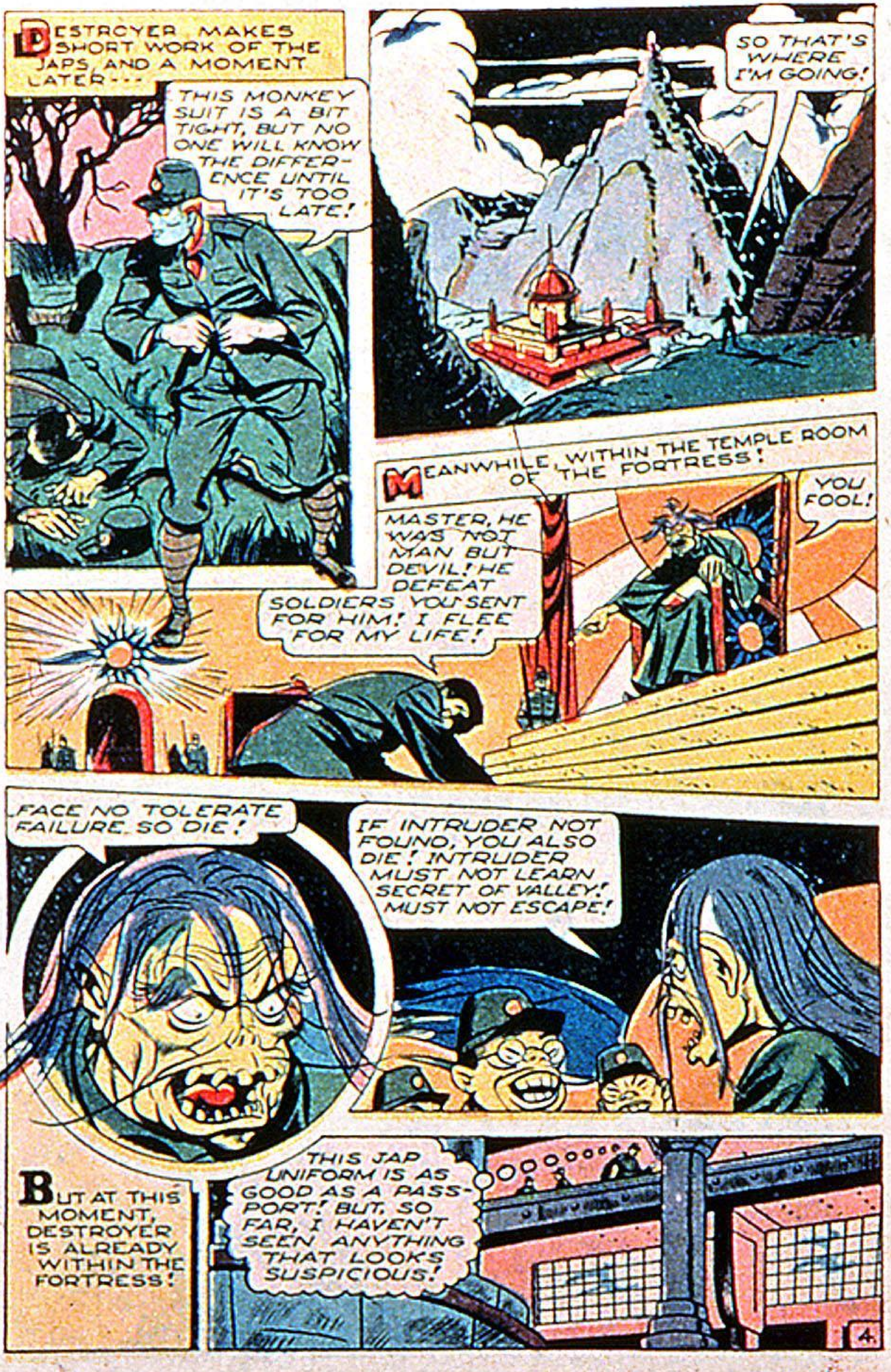

LET'S PLAY
DETECTIVE
STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP
The SWASTIKA MURDER CASE!
HARTLEY! THIS IS NOT A PRANK! UNLESS YOU LEAVE TOWN BY MIDNIGHT, YOU WILL BE KILLED WITHOUT WARNING! SAY NOTHING TO ANYONE---!
MIKE! I GUESS YOU KNOW THAT I WILL BE CALLED TO TESTIFY AGAINST A CERTAIN BIG SHOT WHO HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF SEDITION!
YES, HARTLEY, AND IT LOOKS AS IF THE LOCAL NAZIS WANT TO KEEP YOU QUIET! WE'LL LOOK INTO THE MATTER AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND THE AUTHOR OF THIS POISON LETTER!
LATER---
DO YOU THINK HE'LL LEAVE TOWN, MIKE?
NOT JEFF HARTLEY- BUT I BETTER GET TO WORK! I THINK I'LL PAY SOME OF OUR TOWN'S RABBLE ROUSERS A VISIT! MAYBE I CAN GET A CLUE AS TO WHO WROTE THAT NOTE!
AND STILL LATER---
ANY LUCK, MIKE?
NO, PEPPER-- THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO BUT PLACE A GUARD AT HARTLEY'S DOOR-- I'LL TAKE IT, KID!
RING!
HOMICIDE SQUAD MIKE TRAPP SPE-- WHAT--?
TRAPP--THIS IS HARTLEY! JUST DISCOVERE-- BANG-BANG! OH!
MINUTES LATER, WE FIND MIKE AND PEPPER IN THE PRIVATE STUDY OF JEFF HARTLEY WHERE THE LATTER LIES DEAD!
DON'T TOUCH A THING--
I'LL CALL THE CORONER!

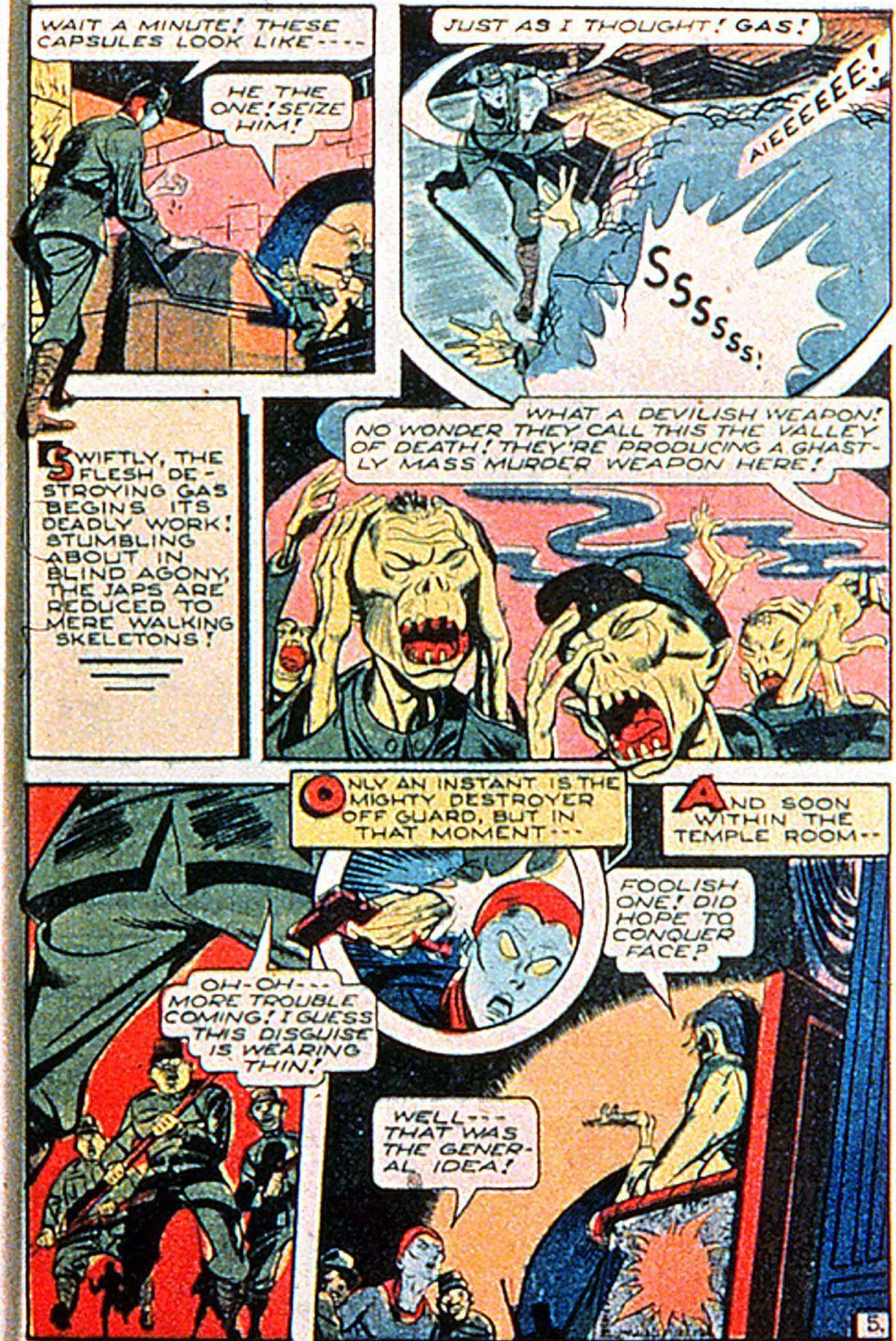

OH, POOR MR. HARTLEY (SOB) HE WAS SUCH A GOOD MAN!
I TAKE IT YOU'RE MR. HARTLEY'S BUTLER-TELL US WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS IN THE KITCHEN PREPARING A SNACK FOR MR. HARTLEY WHEN I HEARD A SHOT, I RAN TO HIS STUDY AND FOUND HIM LYING ON THE FLOOR...
DID YOU TOUCH ANY THING IN THIS ROOM?
NOTHING, I ASSURE YOU, WAS MOVED!
OKAY... BUTLER... UP WITH THOSE HANDS... ONE FALSE MOVE AND I WON'T HESITATE TO SHOOT..... I'M PLACING YOU UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF JEFF HARTLEY!
LATER AT HEAD-QUARTERS, THE BUTLER MAKES A STARTLING CONFESSION!
HARTLEY HIRED ME A FEW WEEKS AGO NOT KNOWING THAT I WAS REALLY A GERMAN AGENT MY JOB WAS TO STOP HARTLEY FROM TESTIFYING... TODAY HE ACCIDENTLY DISCOVERED WHO I REALLY WAS..... I KNEW THEN, THAT I HAD TO KILL HIM!
TELL ME, MIKE, HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS THE BUTLER!!
THE BUTLER INSISTED THAT HE TOUCHED NOTHING IN THE ROOM...YET WHEN WE ARRIVED THE PHONE RECEIVER WAS STILL ON ITS CRADLE! NOW HARTLEY WAS KILLED INSTANTLY WHILE SPEAKING TO ME ON THE PHONE, YOU SEE IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HARTLEY TO HAVE RE-PLACED THE RECEIVER.
TURN PAGE FOR SOLUTION.

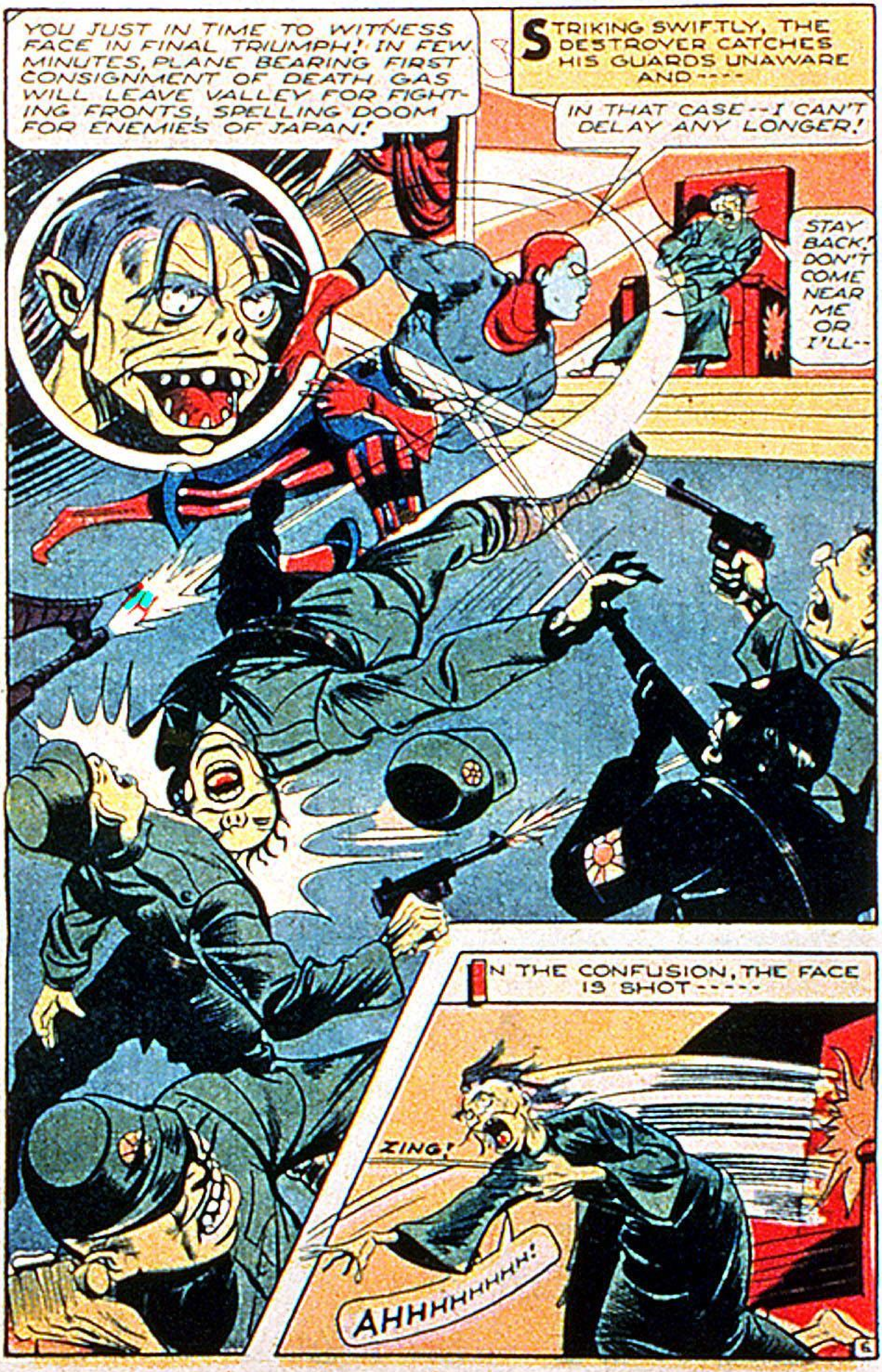

The DESTROYER
IN
THE FACE, ..MASTER OF EVIL!
THE VALLEY OF DEATH! FROM THIS LAND OF PARCHED AND DYING VEGETATION, NO LIVING MAN EVER RETURNED! WHAT WAS ITS DREADED SECRET? WHO WAS THE FACE, MASTER OF EVIL, WHO RULED WITH A DESPOTIC HAND IN THE FORBIDDEN VALLEY---!
GOOD HEAVENS! YOU HAVE N-NO FACE!
YOU SOUGHT ANSWER TO VALLEY OF DEATH! BEFORE YOU DIE, YOU SHALL HAVE ANSWER!
INSIDE A SACRED JAP TEMPLE ROOM, A STRUGGLING FIGURE IS DRAGGED BEFORE THE FACE!

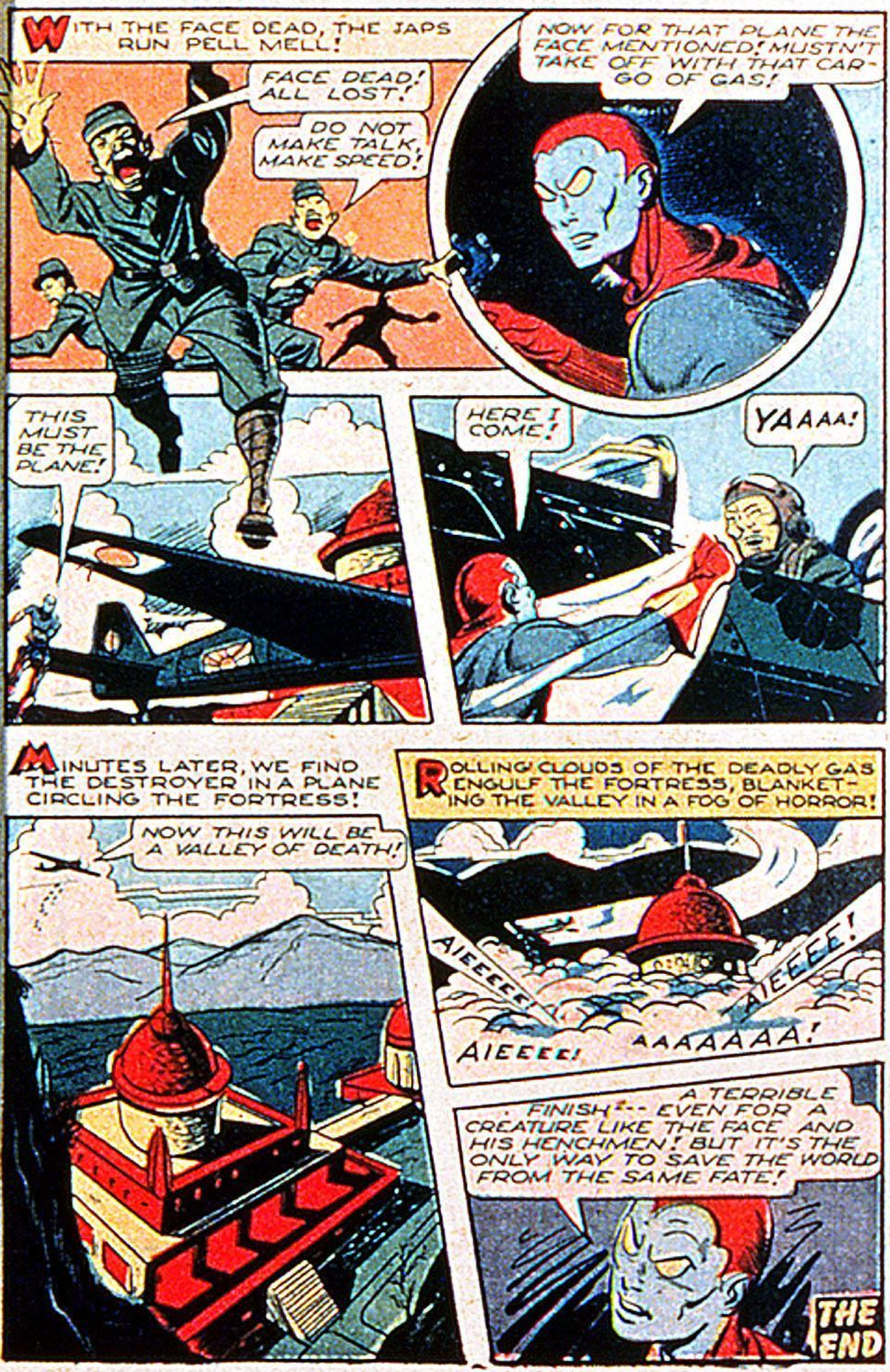

EYAAAA!
GUARDS COME QUICKLY!
YOU WON'T TAKE ME WITHOUT A FIGHT!
BUT SOON THE OFFICER IS OVERCOME BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS ---
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, BELIEVE ME!
IMPUDENT ONE! NO MAN CAN DEFY THE FACE AND LIVE!
AND THE NEXT DAY IN THE DENSE WOODS WHERE DESTROYER MOVES LIKE A PHANTOM ---
HELP! HELP!
A MAN'S VOICE! SOMEWHERE CLOSE!
A LIVING SKELETON!
I-I'M HURT! WHO ARE ----YOU?
I'M A FRIEND! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
VALLEY OF DEATH ---! I WENT THERE ON ORDERS ---- I SAW--THE FACE!
SWORE I'D GO BACK --- GET HIM -- GUESS I WON'T MAKE IT NOW ---- AHHHHH!
HE'S DEAD! IT'S A MIRACLE HE LIVED THIS LONG!
2

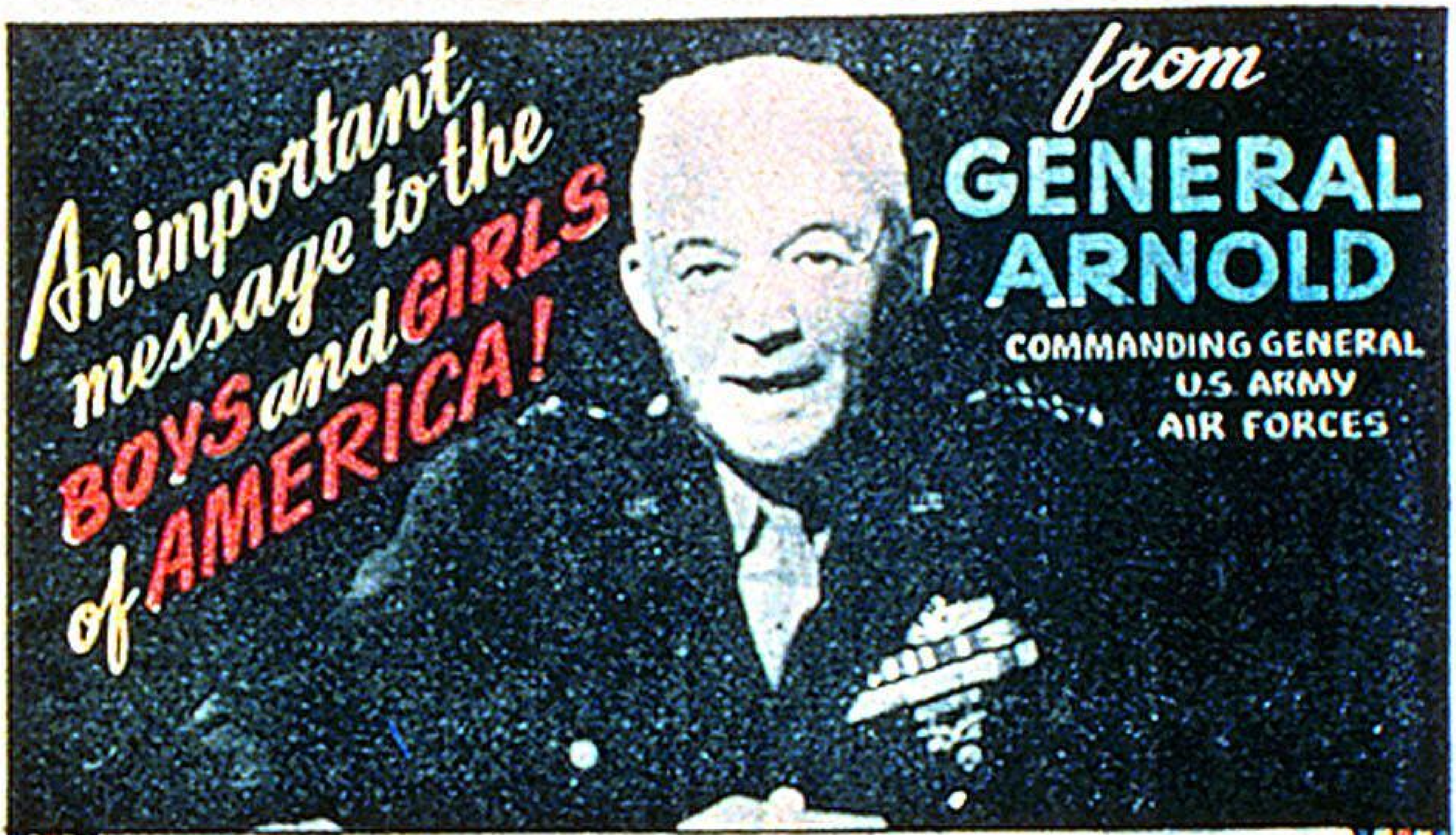

HIS UNIFORM SHOWED HIM TO BE AN AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER--HE WAS TORTURED BECAUSE HE DARED ENTER THE 'VALLEY OF DEATH!'
LATER....
WELL, IT'S TIME I PAID THE 'VALLEY OF DEATH' A VISIT! AND I INTEND TO COME BACK ALIVE!
UP THE JAGGED FACE OF A FORBIDDING CLIFF, DESTROYER CLIMBS WITH THE AGILITY OF A MOUNTAIN CAT--!
THEY CERTAINLY DON'T ENCOURAGE VISITORS HERE! NO WONDER SO FEW PEOPLE EVER GET IN!
MEANWHILE, THE BRAZEN CLANG OF A GONG SUMMONS THE SERVANTS OF THE FACE!
I HAVE RECEIVED WORD A MAN SEEKS TO ENTER THE 'VALLEY OF DEATH!' BRING HIM HERE!
A TRIP WIRE, ATTACHED TO A PHOTO-ELECTRIC DEVICE, EH--- SO THAT I SET OFF AN ALARM TO ANNOUNCE MY ARRIVAL!
KILL HIM!
AIEEEEE!
I EXPECTED YOU!
3


DESTROYER MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE JAPS, AND A MOMENT LATER---
THIS MONKEY SUIT IS A BIT TIGHT, BUT NO ONE WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!
SO THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING!
MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE TEMPLE ROOM OF THE FORTRESS!
YOU FOOL!
MASTER, HE WAS NOT MAN BUT DEVIL! HE DEFEAT SOLDIERS YOU SENT FOR HIM! I FLEE FOR MY LIFE!
FACE NO TOLERATE FAILURE, SO DIE!
IF INTRUDER NOT FOUND, YOU ALSO DIE! INTRUDER MUST NOT LEARN SECRET OF VALLEY! MUST NOT ESCAPE!
BUT AT THIS MOMENT, DESTROYER IS ALREADY WITHIN THE FORTRESS!
THIS JAP UNIFORM IS AS GOOD AS A PASSPORT! BUT, SO FAR, I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING THAT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS!


WAIT A MINUTE! THESE CAPSULES LOOK LIKE----
HE THE ONE! SEIZE HIM!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! GAS!
AIEEEEEE!
SSSSSS!
SWIFTLY, THE FLESH DESTROYING GAS BEGINS ITS DEADLY WORK! STUMBLING ABOUT IN BLIND AGONY, THE JAPS ARE REDUCED TO MERE WALKING SKELETONS!
WHAT A DEVILISH WEAPON! NO WONDER THEY CALL THIS THE VALLEY OF DEATH! THEY'RE PRODUCING A GHASTLY MASS MURDER WEAPON HERE!
ONLY AN INSTANT IS THE MIGHTY DESTROYER OFF GUARD, BUT IN THAT MOMENT---
OH-OH--- MORE TROUBLE COMING! I GUESS THIS DISGUISE IS WEARING THIN!
AND SOON WITHIN THE TEMPLE ROOM--
FOOLISH ONE! DID HOPE TO CONQUER FACE?
WELL--- THAT WAS THE GENERAL IDEA!


YOU JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS FACE IN FINAL TRIUMPH! IN FEW MINUTES, PLANE BEARING FIRST CONSIGNMENT OF DEATH GAS WILL LEAVE VALLEY FOR FIGHTING FRONTS, SPELLING DOOM FOR ENEMIES OF JAPAN!
STRIKING SWIFTLY, THE DESTROYER CATCHES HIS GUARDS UNAWARE AND----
IN THAT CASE--I CAN'T DELAY ANY LONGER!
STAY BACK! DON'T COME NEAR ME OR I'LL--
IN THE CONFUSION, THE FACE IS SHOT-----
ZING!
AHHHHHHHH!
6


WITH THE FACE DEAD, THE JAPS RUN PELL MELL!
FACE DEAD! ALL LOST!
DO NOT MAKE TALK, MAKE SPEED!
NOW FOR THAT PLANE THE FACE MENTIONED! MUSTN'T TAKE OFF WITH THAT CARGO OF GAS!
THIS MUST BE THE PLANE!
HERE I COME!
YAAAA!
MINUTES LATER, WE FIND THE DESTROYER IN A PLANE CIRCLING THE FORTRESS!
NOW THIS WILL BE A VALLEY OF DEATH!
ROLLING CLOUDS OF THE DEADLY GAS ENGULF THE FORTRESS, BLANKETING THE VALLEY IN A FOG OF HORROR!
AIEEEEE
AIEEEEE!
AIEEEE
AIEEEE!
AAAAAAA!
A TERRIBLE FINISH--- EVEN FOR A CREATURE LIKE THE FACE AND HIS HENCHMEN! BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE SAME FATE!
THE END



WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

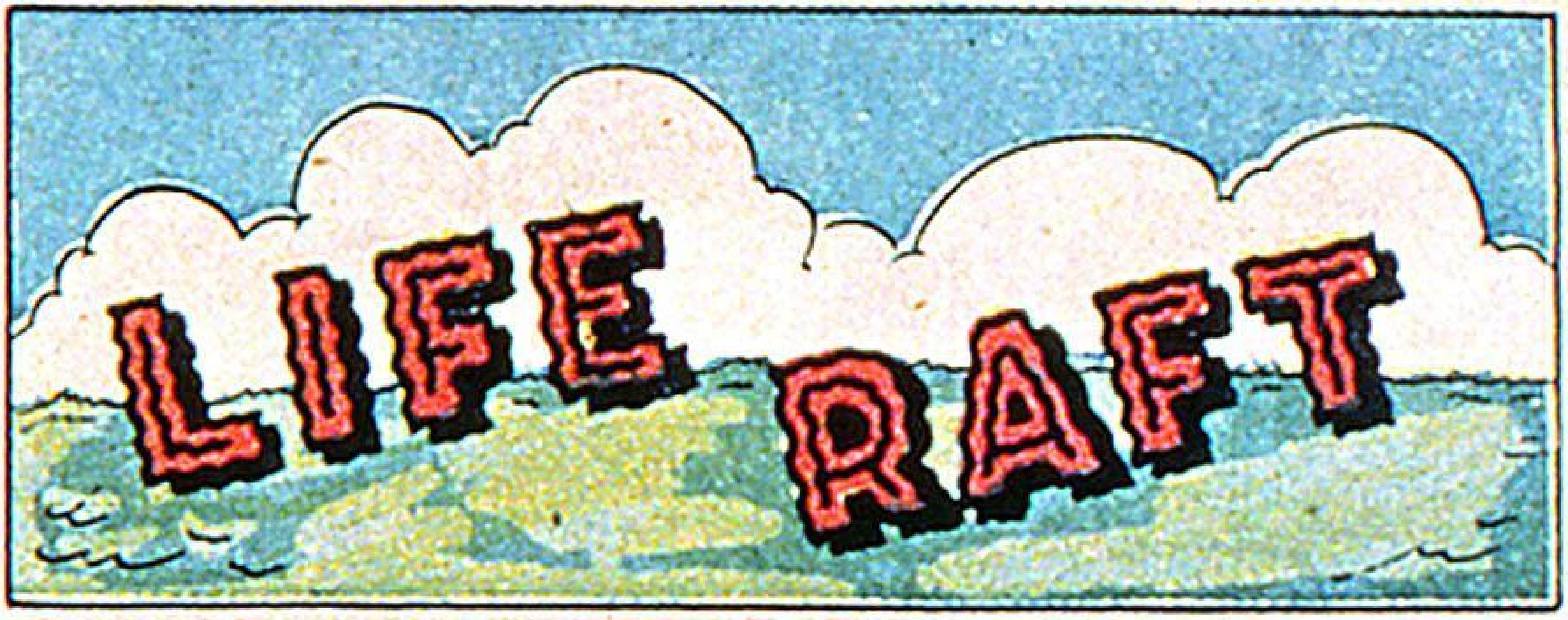
If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.

H. H. Arnold

H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

(Prepared in cooperation with the Office of War Information and published in the interest of the NATIONAL GO-TO-SCHOOL DRIVE, sponsored by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, and the U. S. Office of Education, Federal Security Agency.)



LIFE RAFT

THERE had always been suspicion in the back of Martin's thoughts. He couldn't remember when it first entered his mind that Otto was anything but another member of the crew aboard the freighter. And now it didn't matter. Nothing mattered, not even the endless heaving ocean surrounding the life raft, the white hot sky pinning them down, swinging mercilessly above them like a sword.

"Five days and five nights," Martin croaked, forcing the words past swollen lips. "How much longer?"

Big Randall stirred sluggishly, turning a bearded face toward his companion. "What's the difference? *He'd* see to it it didn't make any no matter what."

Martin glared toward the front of the raft where Otto squatted, his powerful body hunched, his rounded, hard face turned to survey the water stretching away upon all sides.

"I been thinking the same thing," Martin averted his eyes as the dutchman's round face swung upon them. "No sub would have spotted us if it hadn't been tipped off. That—that—!"

"You talk too much," Otto grumbled from his end. "Talk less. Save your breath. You don't say anything truthful most of the time."

Martin snarled. "If I was half your size, just half—"

Otto made a gesture with his big hand and Martin slumped back, his thinning body trembling with the anger racing through him. What was the difference? Just as Randall suggested, even if they were seen by aircraft, or a patrol boat, before they could be picked up Otto would dish them out to the sharks. And there were plenty of them. Martin turned slowly to stare out over the undulating water. He'd seen their fins before, once a white belly as one rolled over and slid into the depthless green.

Otto said, "Come get your rations." He added, threateningly, "One at a time."

MARTIN crawled fearfully forward to take the biscuits Otto offered. "You're starving us, that's what. If I were half a man—"

"Shut up. Get back. Randall . . . you come next."

Martin began greedily to grind the biscuit betweep his teeth—

He cried out harshly as the raft lurched dangerously. Otto and Randall were locked in each others arms, were swaying back and forth, feet spread wide apart, looking almost like two dirty chimps. Martin forgot his food as his eyes watched the struggling men, hope welling up suddenly within him.

"Kill him!" Martin shrieked with frenzy. "Kill him, Randall! Throw him overboard . . . throw him over—"

In spite of his strength, Randall gave ground. Otto sent a sledge-hammer fist driving forward and Randall reeled drunkenly, collapsed at Martin's feet, a huge, twisted mass, his yellowish face turned toward the flaming sky.

"You've killed him!" Martin chattered, fear racing through his trembling body. "You've killed him. You're a murderer, but you think you'll get away with it. You won't. God will judge you—"

"Quiet." Otto stood with feet braced wide. "You talk too much."

LATER, Martin knew Randall wasn't dead after all. Otto gave him a slender drink from one of the canteens he was hoarding up front.

"Wonder you don't throw him overboard," Martin cried. "Why don't you? You're starving us to death. Think of the grub you'd save with him out of the way. And me, too—"

Otto shook his head, went back to his end of the raft. The sun wheeled down through the sky and the wind came up a little. To the west clouds billowed into the sky like huge white castles built upon the snowy slopes of mighty mountains. The wind quickened.

Randall dragged himself to a sitting position, sat with his head between his hands. Later he croaked, "Water . . . water . . ."

Otto gave him another small drink, ripped the canteen out of Randall's clutching hands to offer it briefly to Martin.

"Not much," Otto warned. "There is little left—"

Martin snarled. "I'd spit it in your face if we were within sight of land—"

"Drink," Otto commanded harshly. "Then be quiet."

It rained that night and the waves rose and washed down upon them, and Martin lay against the edge of the raft and shivered. Randall lay beside him, motionless, inert. Illuminated by a tongue of lightning Martin saw Otto bailing water, and realized that if the storm became worse the boat would be smashed and they'd all drown. Martin began to wish it would happen. At least Otto would get his then, too, with the rest of them. As it was, he was slowly starving them to death. Probably didn't have nerve enough to kill them outright.

The sun was up again, the clouds gone, the wind. It grew hotter and later Martin had to plead for a drink. His thirst was more than he could stand. Otto gave it grudgingly, striking Martin's hands down when he reached for the canteen.

He gave Randall a drink, then backed up to his end of the raft and sat down. Martin noted that Otto didn't drink from the canteen and for a while Martin waited, pretending he was asleep, but watching through the crack of his swollen lids. He recalled hazily that he hadn't seen the big dutchman take food or water for days . . . probably was sneaking his share and then some, when it was night.

HE didn't take anything now. The blazing rays of the sun beat down upon them and later Martin started, listening. A sound had come to him. Laboriously he raised himself upon his elbows.

The sound of waves had come distinctly to his ears. They must be close to land, an island. But it would be land . . .

"Listen," Martin hissed. "You — you hear hear that? There . . .! An island. See it? There, over there!" He tried to point but his hand kept drifting down. "I see it!" He almost screamed. "Randall—"

"Quiet." Otto came to stand above them. "You just talk. You see things. You are out of your head. There is no island. Nothing!"

Resignedly Martin sank back. Otto brought the canteen, tipping it up very high now to give him a swig. And Randall, who looked dead and probably was—it seemed a waste of precious water forcing the stuff between his cracked lips.

Later Otto growled. "Ah. There *is* land. Over there!"

The words came to Martin through a haze, and he attempted to raise himself and could not. Well, it didn't matter. He was done for.

"We will be carried past!" Otto exclaimed softly.

And Martin laughed, a ragged, rusty sound that hurt his chest and mouth. "You'll die—with us. You—you—"

It was growing dark and suddenly there were voices and Martin felt himself being lifted. Probably imagination though. Besides it didn't matter. He felt different, felt suddenly rested, as if this were actually death and he was glad of it.

MARTIN opened his eyes. He knew right away he wasn't dead. The man in the naval uniform was too real.

"You're doing fine," the man said. "So is Randall. We know about you, how your freighter was torpedoed. Most of the crew was saved."

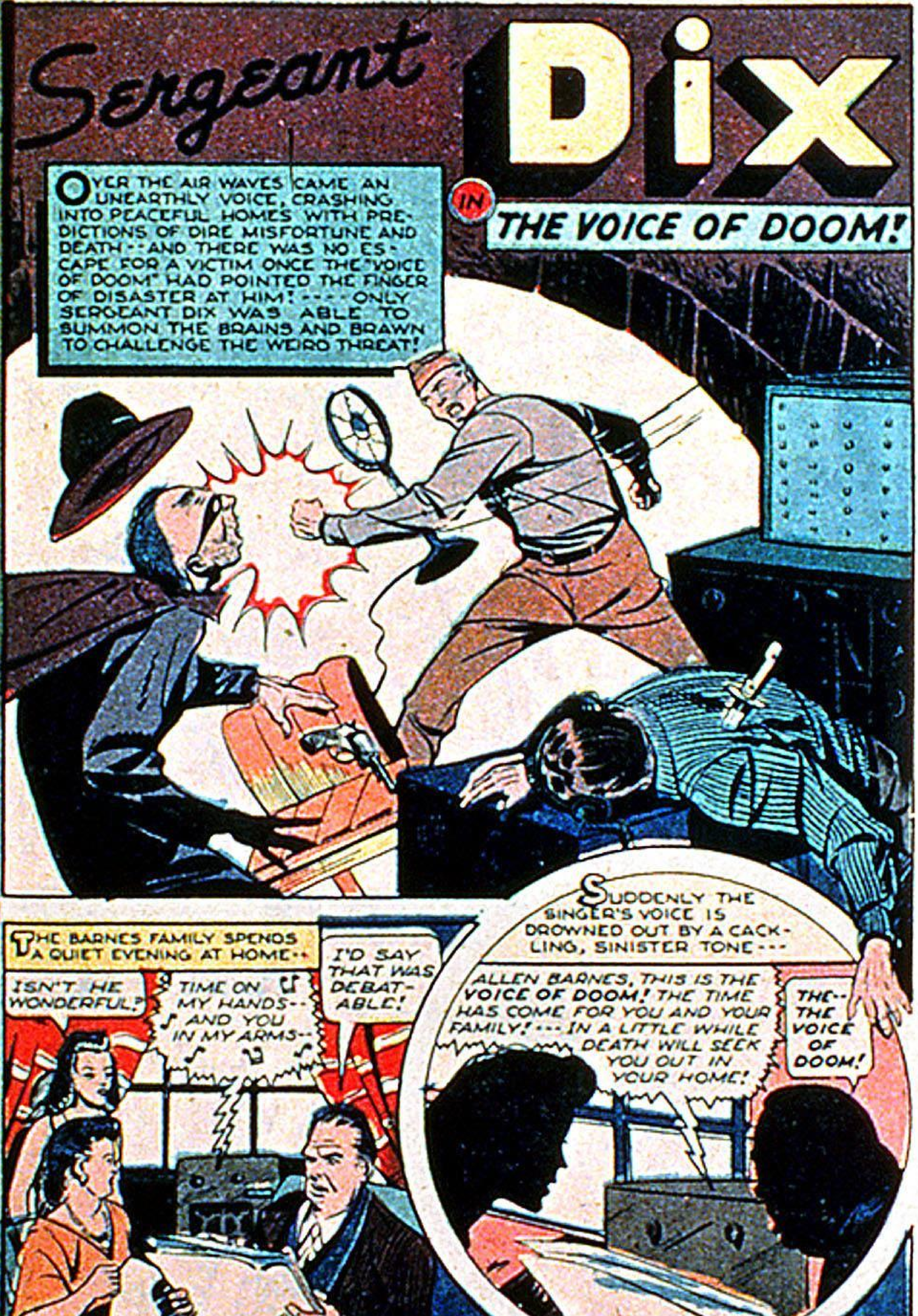
For a moment Martin rested. At last, as if prompted by a force outside himself he asked, "What—what about—Otto? He was with us—"

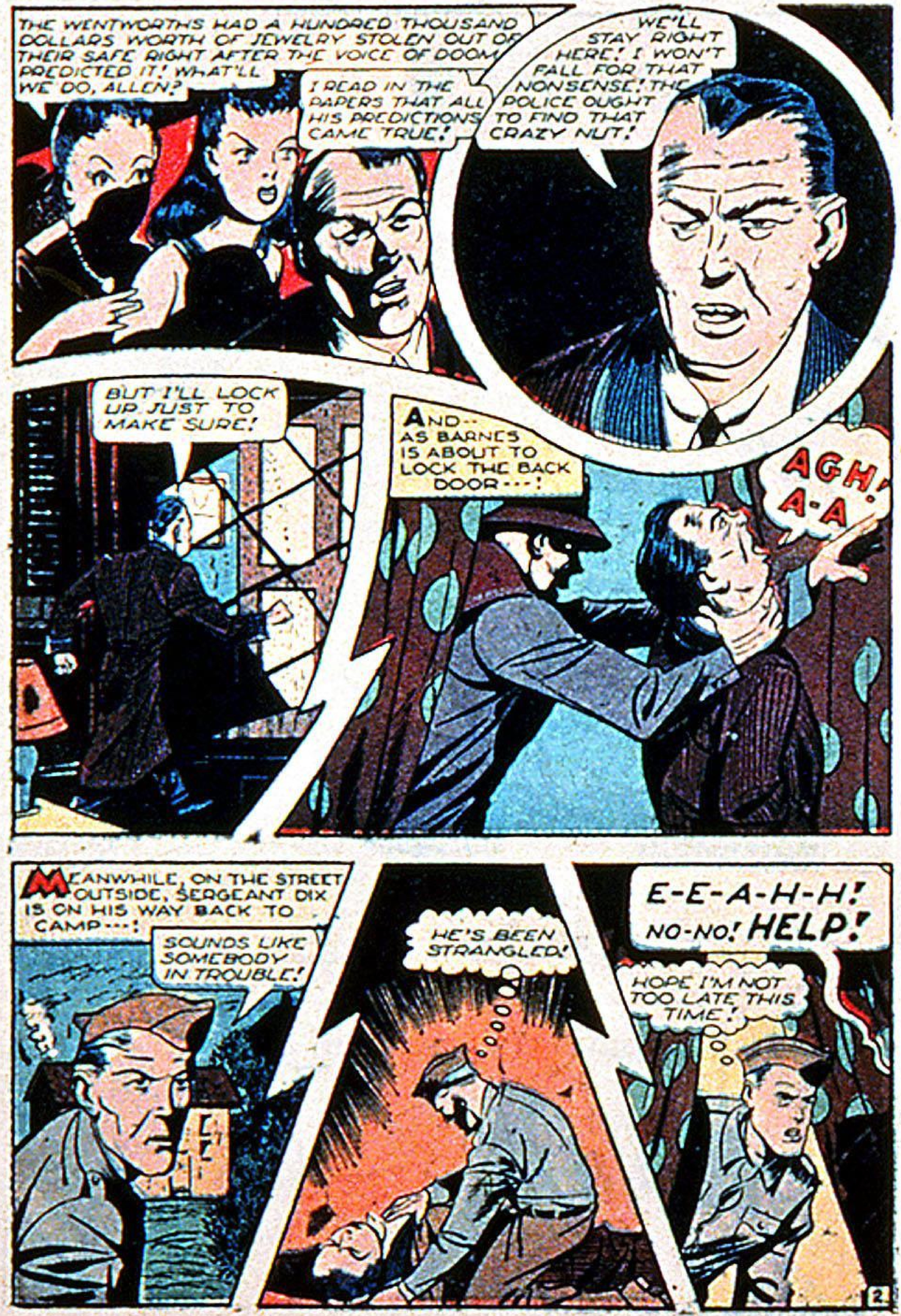
"He'll be all right, too. Although he was in a much worse condition. Evidently he had had no food or water for days. No rest. When we picked you up after he had towed the raft to the island, he was almost exhausted. He has a wonderful body."

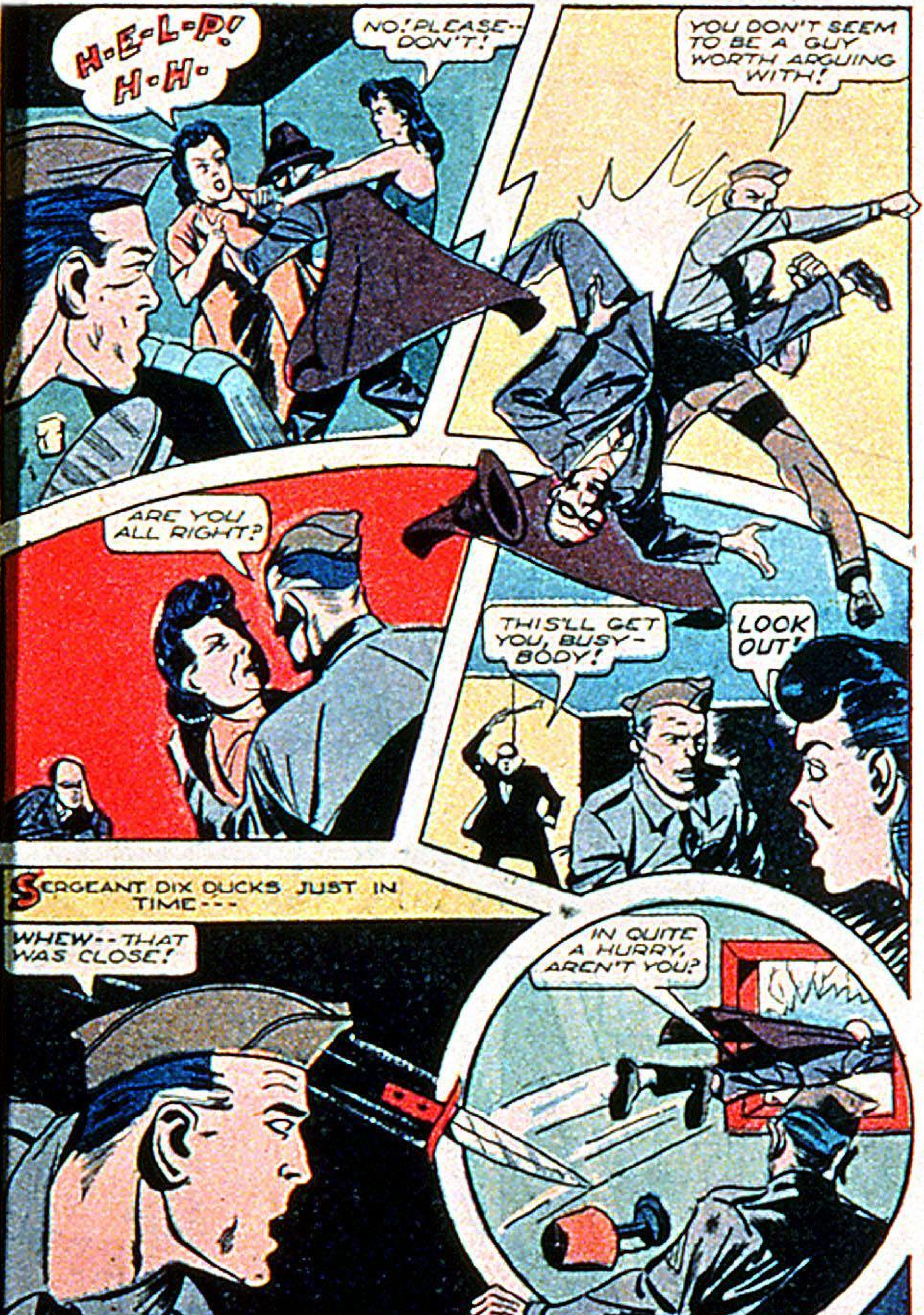
The voice drifted away but the thought remained inside Martin's head. Otto had nothing to eat, or drink. He towed the raft to safety, when they had been drifting past land and out to sea. Otto had a wonderful body . . .

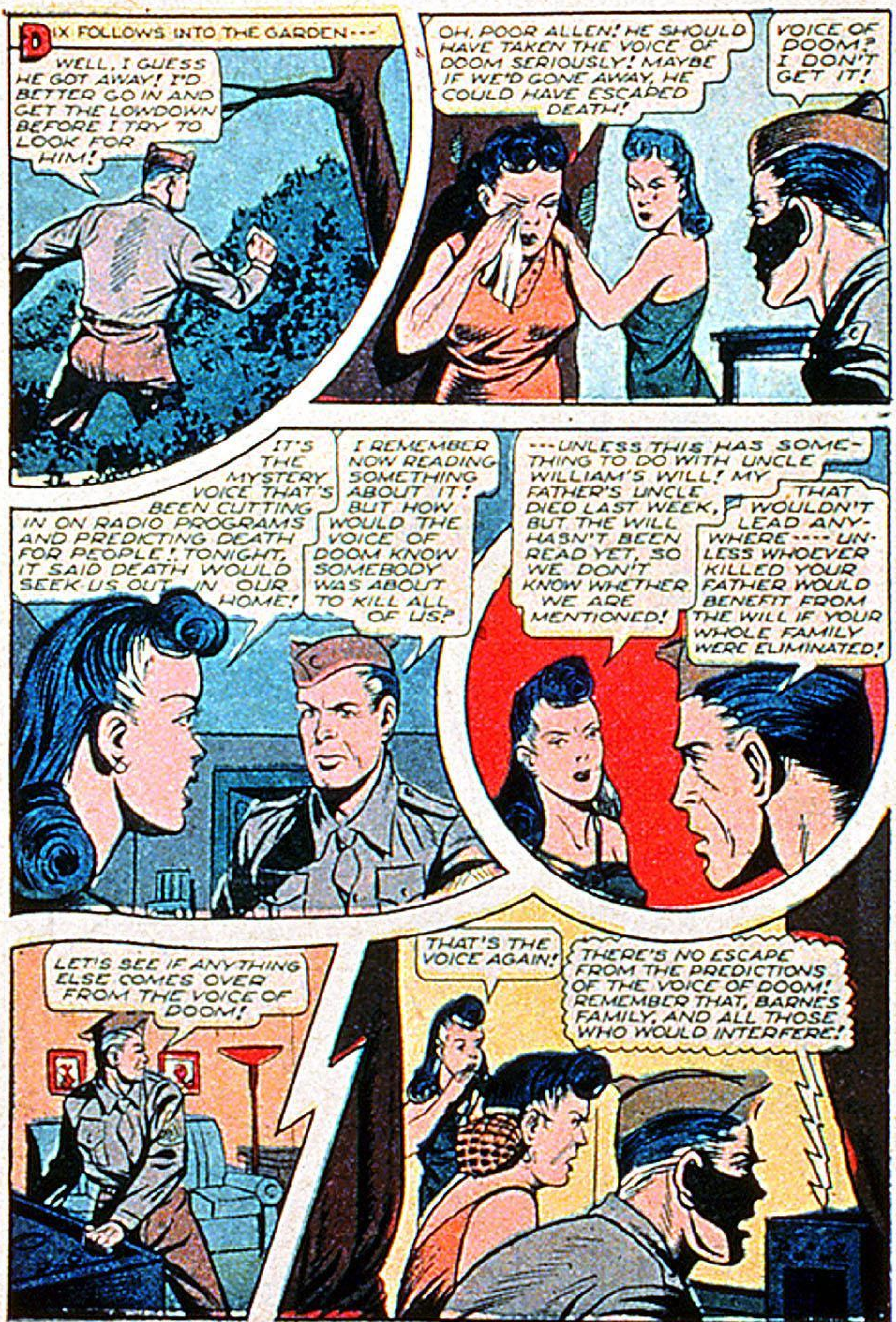
Martin smiled faintly. Otto was a wonderful guy. He must live so he could apologize . . .

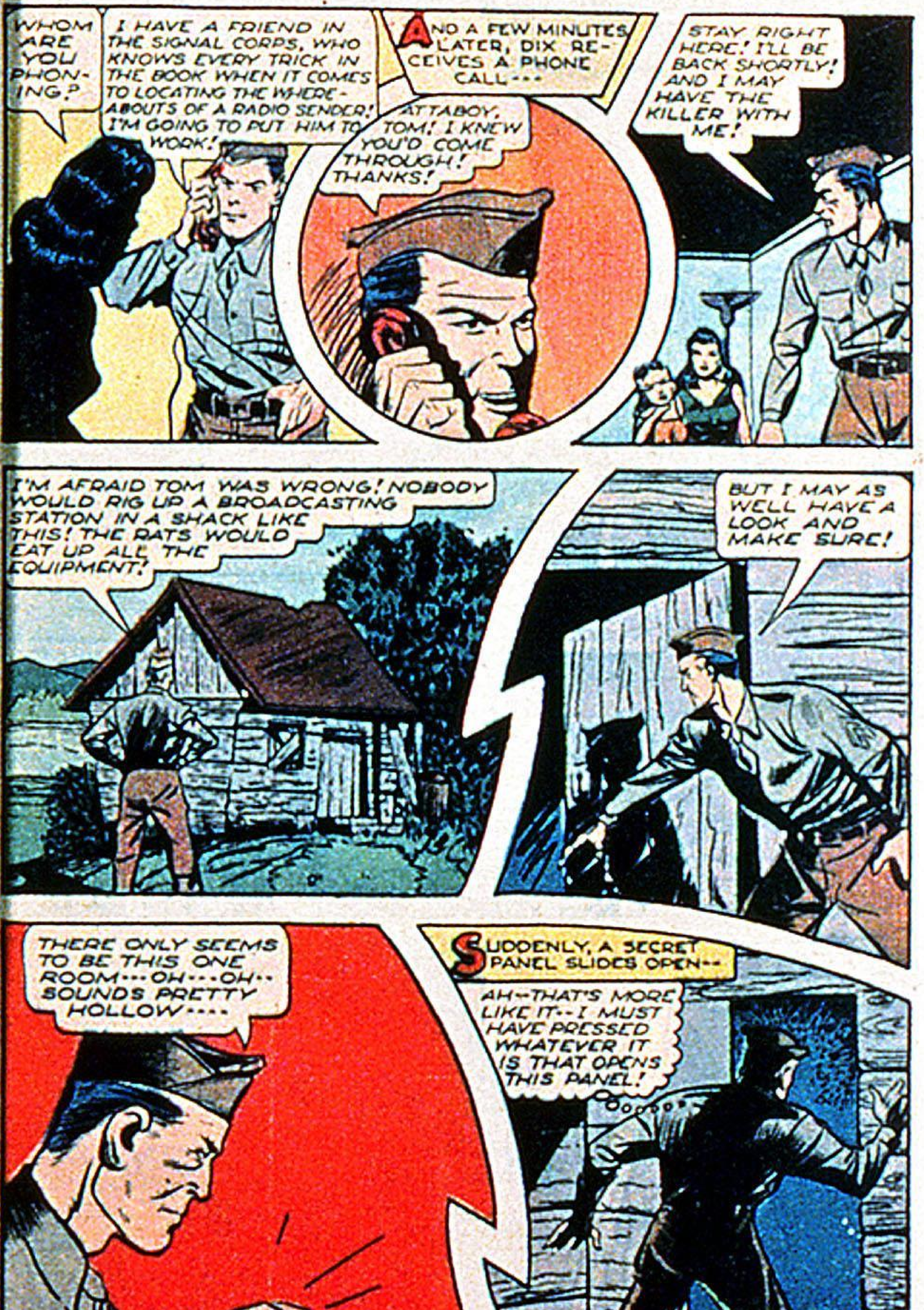
THE END

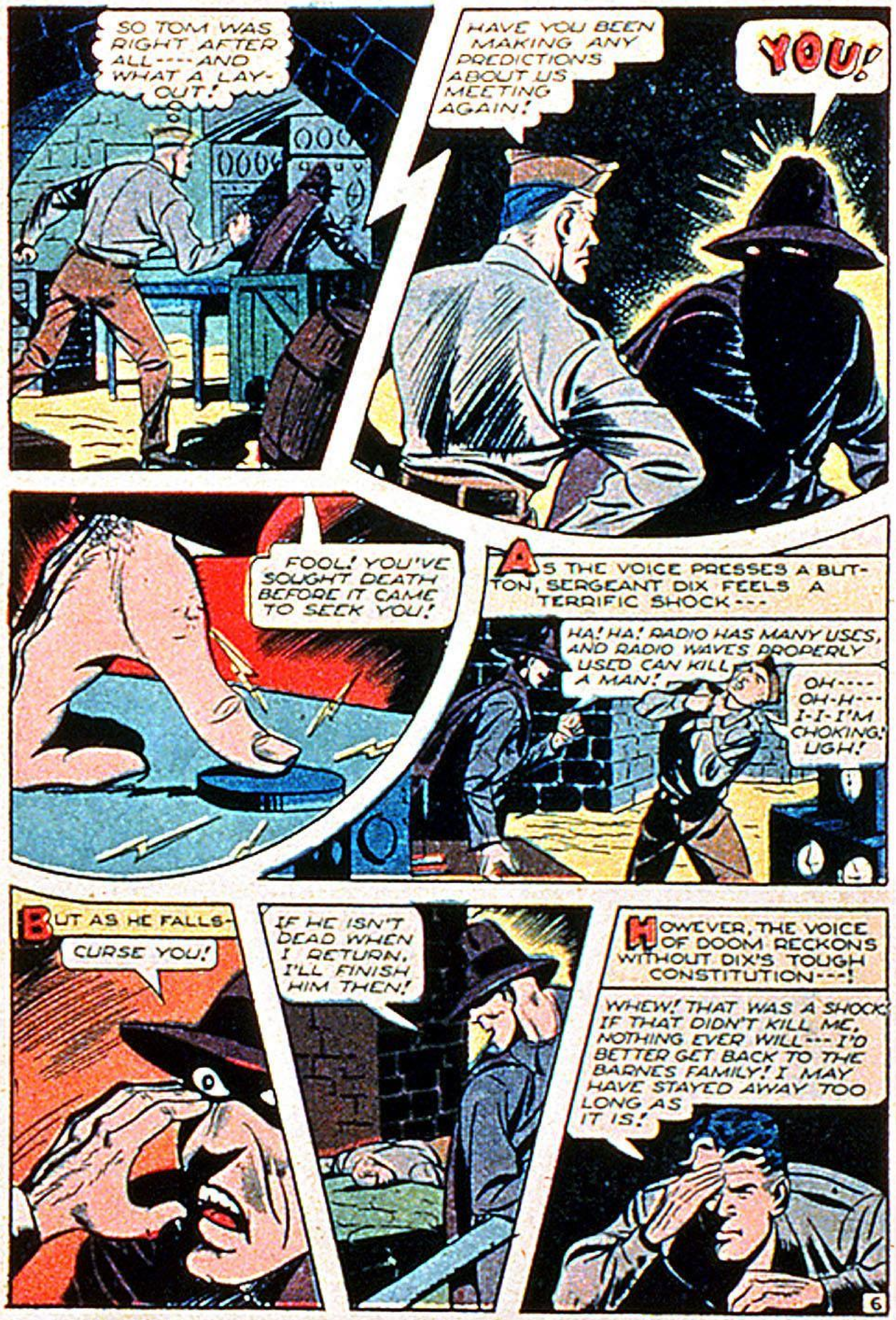

Sergeant DIX
IN
THE VOICE OF DOOM!
OVER THE AIR WAVES CAME AN UNEARTHLY VOICE, CRASHING INTO PEACEFUL HOMES WITH PREDICTIONS OF DIRE MISFORTUNE AND DEATH--AND THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR A VICTIM ONCE THE "VOICE OF DOOM" HAD POINTED THE FINGER OF DISASTER AT HIM! ----ONLY SERGEANT DIX WAS ABLE TO SUMMON THE BRAINS AND BRAWN TO CHALLENGE THE WEIRD THREAT!
THE BARNES FAMILY SPENDS A QUIET EVENING AT HOME--
ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?
TIME ON MY HANDS-- AND YOU IN MY ARMS--
I'D SAY THAT WAS DEBATABLE!
SUDDENLY THE SINGER'S VOICE IS DROWNED OUT BY A CACKLING, SINISTER TONE---
ALLEN BARNES, THIS IS THE VOICE OF DOOM! THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY! ---IN A LITTLE WHILE DEATH WILL SEEK YOU OUT IN YOUR HOME!
THE-- THE VOICE OF DOOM!

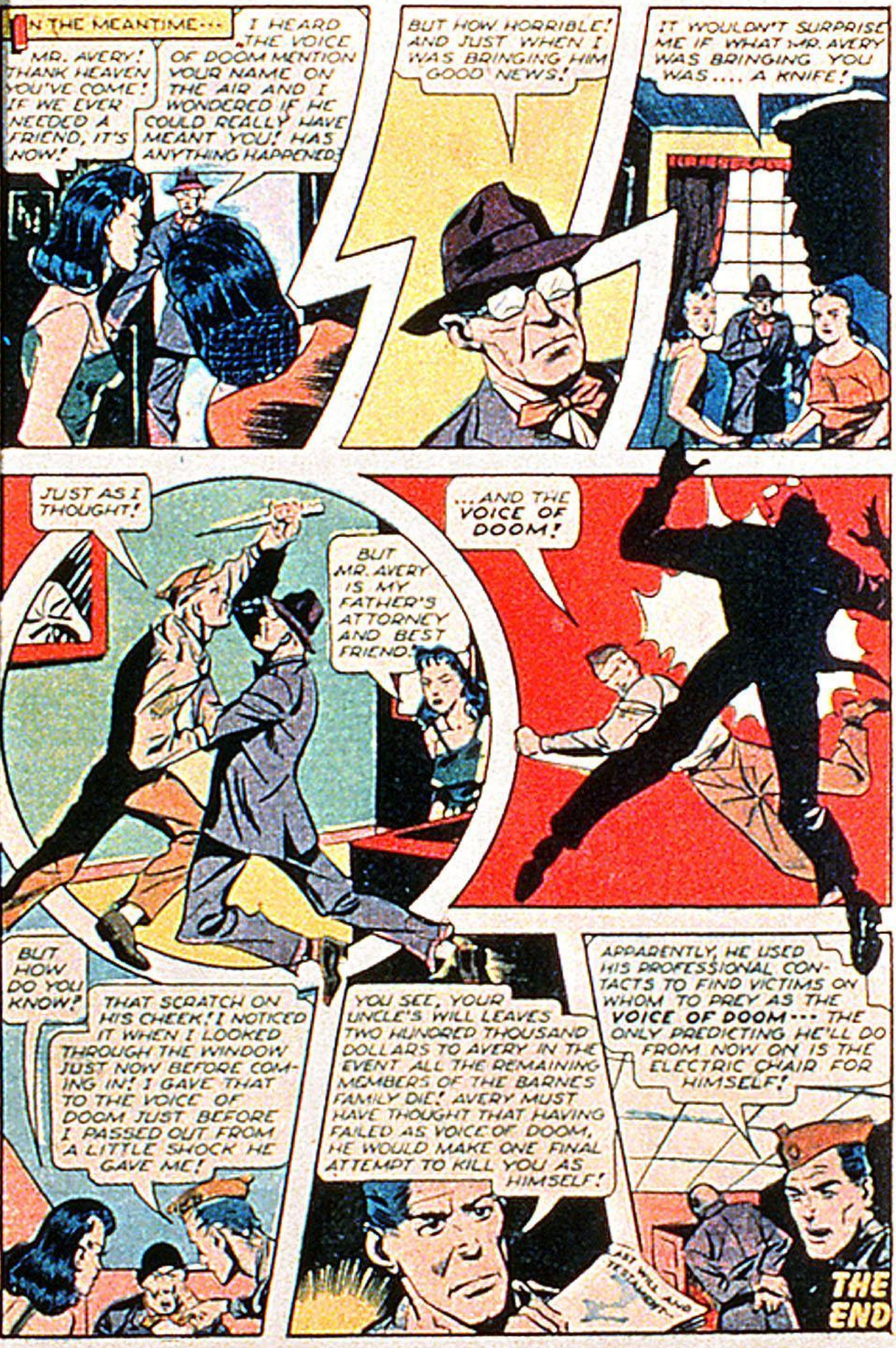

THE WENTWORTHS HAD A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF JEWELRY STOLEN OUT OF THEIR SAFE RIGHT AFTER THE VOICE OF DOOM PREDICTED IT! WHAT'LL WE DO, ALLEN?
I READ IN THE PAPERS THAT ALL HIS PREDICTIONS CAME TRUE!
WE'LL STAY RIGHT HERE! I WON'T FALL FOR THAT NONSENSE! THE POLICE OUGHT TO FIND THAT CRAZY NUT!
BUT I'LL LOCK UP JUST TO MAKE SURE!
AND-- AS BARNES IS ABOUT TO LOCK THE BACK DOOR---!
AGH! A-A
MEANWHILE, ON THE STREET OUTSIDE, SERGEANT DIX IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO CAMP---!
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY IN TROUBLE!
HE'S BEEN STRANGLED!
E-E-A-H-H! NO-NO! HELP!
HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE THIS TIME!


H-E-L-P! H-H-
NO! PLEASE--DON'T!
YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE A GUY WORTH ARGUING WITH!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
THIS'LL GET YOU, BUSY-BODY!
LOOK OUT!
SERGEANT DIX DUCKS JUST IN TIME---
WHEW--THAT WAS CLOSE!
IN QUITE A HURRY, AREN'T YOU?


DIX FOLLOWS INTO THE GARDEN---
WELL, I GUESS HE GOT AWAY! I'D BETTER GO IN AND GET THE LOWDOWN BEFORE I TRY TO LOOK FOR HIM!
OH, POOR ALLEN! HE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE VOICE OF DOOM SERIOUSLY! MAYBE IF WE'D GONE AWAY, HE COULD HAVE ESCAPED DEATH!
VOICE OF DOOM? I DON'T GET IT!
IT'S THE MYSTERY VOICE THAT'S BEEN CUTTING IN ON RADIO PROGRAMS AND PREDICTING DEATH FOR PEOPLE! TONIGHT, IT SAID DEATH WOULD SEEK US OUT IN OUR HOME!
I REMEMBER NOW READING SOMETHING ABOUT IT! BUT HOW WOULD THE VOICE OF DOOM KNOW SOMEBODY WAS ABOUT TO KILL ALL OF US?
---UNLESS THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH UNCLE WILLIAM'S WILL! MY FATHER'S UNCLE DIED LAST WEEK, BUT THE WILL HASN'T BEEN READ YET, SO WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER WE ARE MENTIONED!
THAT WOULDN'T LEAD ANYWHERE---- UNLESS WHOEVER KILLED YOUR FATHER WOULD BENEFIT FROM THE WILL IF YOUR WHOLE FAMILY WERE ELIMINATED!
LET'S SEE IF ANYTHING ELSE COMES OVER FROM THE VOICE OF DOOM!
THAT'S THE VOICE AGAIN!
THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM THE PREDICTIONS OF THE VOICE OF DOOM! REMEMBER THAT, BARNES FAMILY, AND ALL THOSE WHO WOULD INTERFERE!


WHOM ARE YOU PHONING?
I HAVE A FRIEND IN THE SIGNAL CORPS, WHO KNOWS EVERY TRICK IN THE BOOK WHEN IT COMES TO LOCATING THE WHEREABOUTS OF A RADIO SENDER! I'M GOING TO PUT HIM TO WORK!
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, DIX RECEIVES A PHONE CALL---
ATTABOY, TOM! I KNEW YOU'D COME THROUGH! THANKS!
STAY RIGHT HERE! I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY! AND I MAY HAVE THE KILLER WITH ME!
I'M AFRAID TOM WAS WRONG! NOBODY WOULD RIG UP A BROADCASTING STATION IN A SHACK LIKE THIS! THE RATS WOULD EAT UP ALL THE EQUIPMENT!
BUT I MAY AS WELL HAVE A LOOK AND MAKE SURE!
THERE ONLY SEEMS TO BE THIS ONE ROOM---OH---OH-- SOUNDS PRETTY HOLLOW----
SUDDENLY, A SECRET PANEL SLIDES OPEN--
AH--THAT'S MORE LIKE IT--I MUST HAVE PRESSED WHATEVER IT IS THAT OPENS THIS PANEL!


SO TOM WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL----AND WHAT A LAY-OUT!
HAVE YOU BEEN MAKING ANY PREDICTIONS ABOUT US MEETING AGAIN!
YOU!
FOOL! YOU'VE SOUGHT DEATH BEFORE IT CAME TO SEEK YOU!
AS THE VOICE PRESSES A BUTTON, SERGEANT DIX FEELS A TERRIFIC SHOCK---
HA! HA! RADIO HAS MANY USES, AND RADIO WAVES PROPERLY USED CAN KILL A MAN!
OH----OH-H---I-I-I'M CHOKING! UGH!
BUT AS HE FALLS-
CURSE YOU!
IF HE ISN'T DEAD WHEN I RETURN, I'LL FINISH HIM THEN!
HOWEVER, THE VOICE OF DOOM RECKONS WITHOUT DIX'S TOUGH CONSTITUTION---!
WHEW! THAT WAS A SHOCK! IF THAT DIDN'T KILL ME, NOTHING EVER WILL---I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE BARNES FAMILY! I MAY HAVE STAYED AWAY TOO LONG AS IT IS!


IN THE MEANTIME---
MR. AVERY! THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE COME! IF WE EVER NEEDED A FRIEND, IT'S NOW!
I HEARD THE VOICE OF DOOM MENTION YOUR NAME ON THE AIR AND I WONDERED IF HE COULD REALLY HAVE MEANT YOU! HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED?
BUT HOW HORRIBLE! AND JUST WHEN I WAS BRINGING HIM GOOD NEWS!
IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF WHAT MR. AVERY WAS BRINGING YOU WAS.... A KNIFE!
JUST AS I THOUGHT!
BUT MR. AVERY IS MY FATHER'S ATTORNEY AND BEST FRIEND!
...AND THE VOICE OF DOOM!
BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW?
THAT SCRATCH ON HIS CHEEK! I NOTICED IT WHEN I LOOKED THROUGH THE WINDOW JUST NOW BEFORE COMING IN! I GAVE THAT TO THE VOICE OF DOOM JUST BEFORE I PASSED OUT FROM A LITTLE SHOCK HE GAVE ME!
YOU SEE, YOUR UNCLE'S WILL LEAVES TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS TO AVERY IN THE EVENT ALL THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE BARNES FAMILY DIE! AVERY MUST HAVE THOUGHT THAT HAVING FAILED AS VOICE OF DOOM, HE WOULD MAKE ONE FINAL ATTEMPT TO KILL YOU AS HIMSELF!
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
APPARENTLY, HE USED HIS PROFESSIONAL CONTACTS TO FIND VICTIMS ON WHOM TO PREY AS THE VOICE OF DOOM --- THE ONLY PREDICTING HE'LL DO FROM NOW ON IS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR HIMSELF!
THE END

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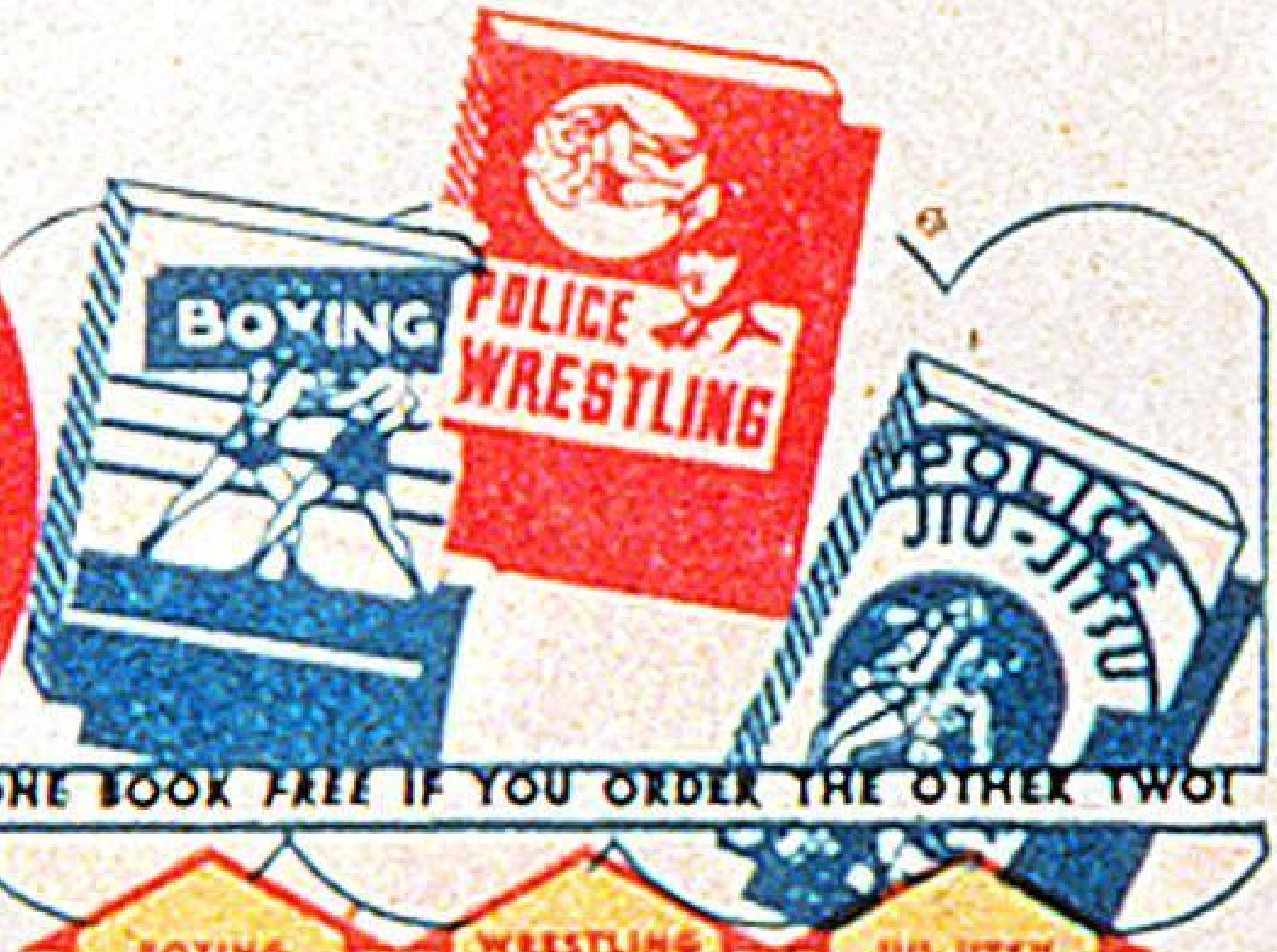

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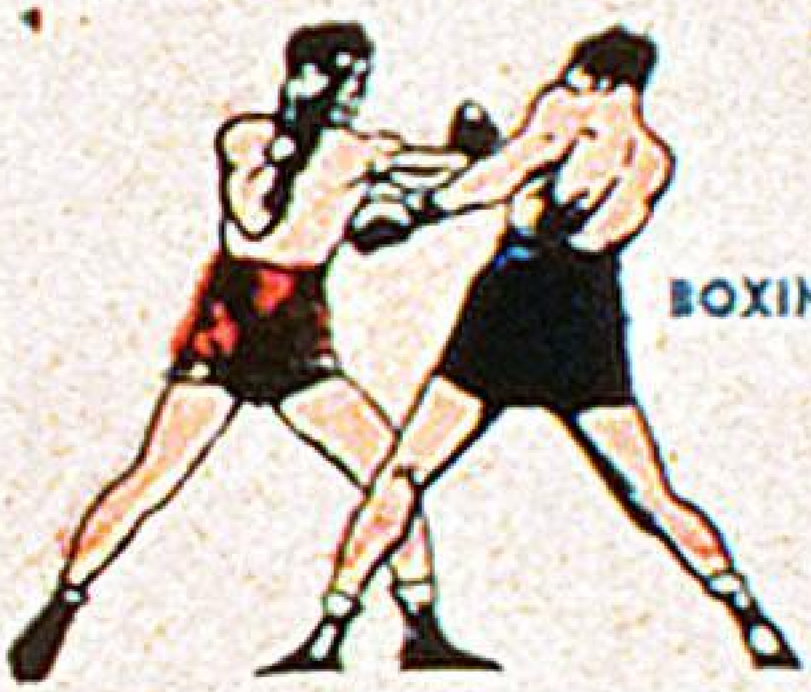

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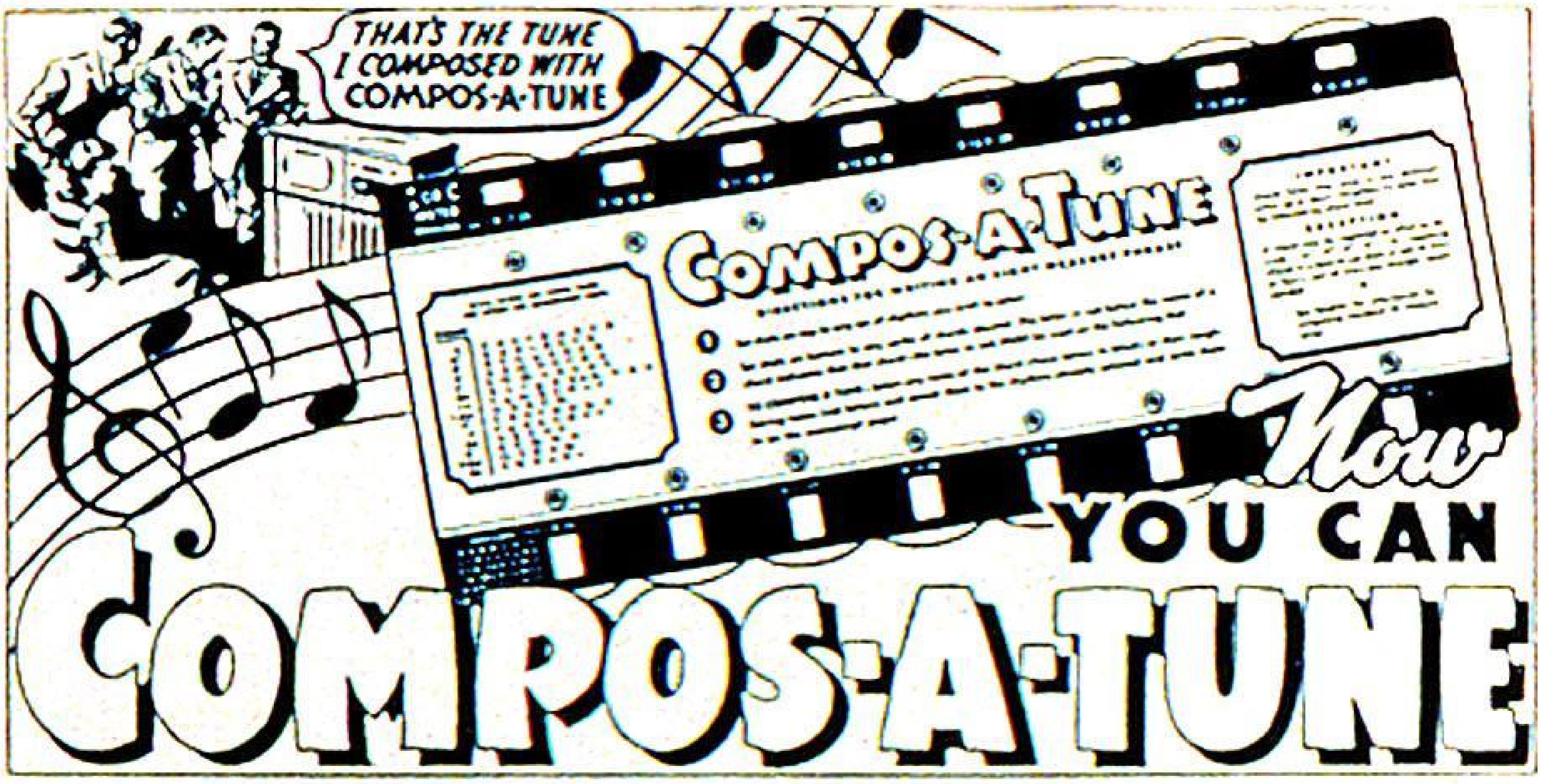
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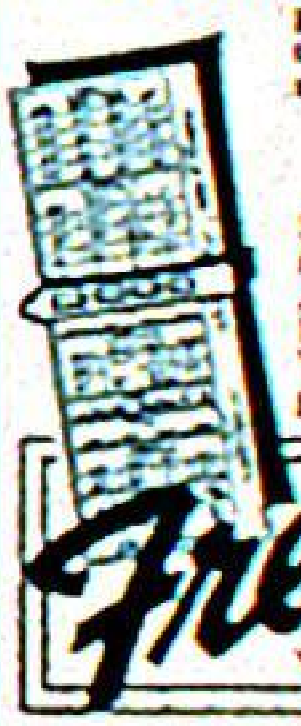

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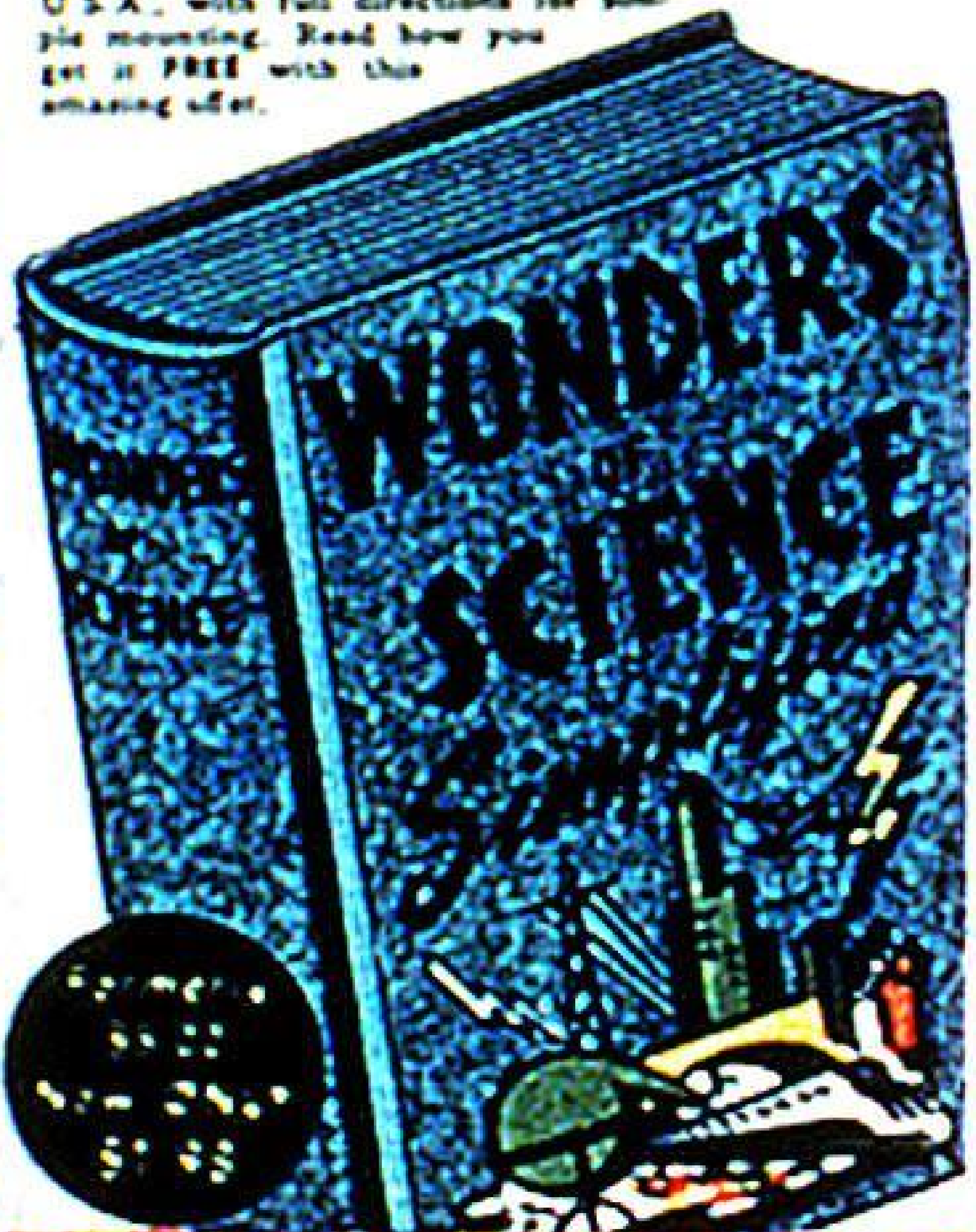

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